*July 1, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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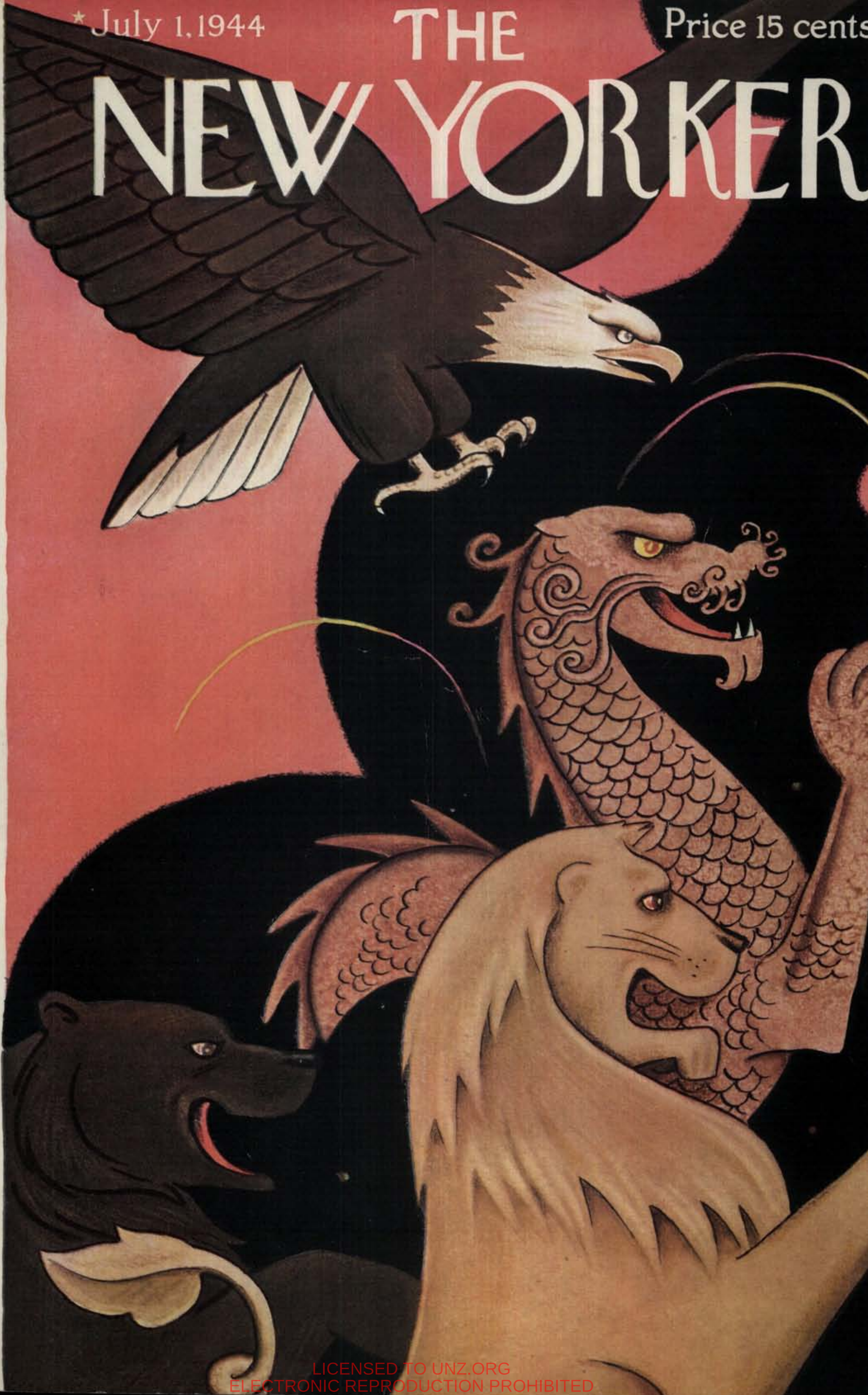

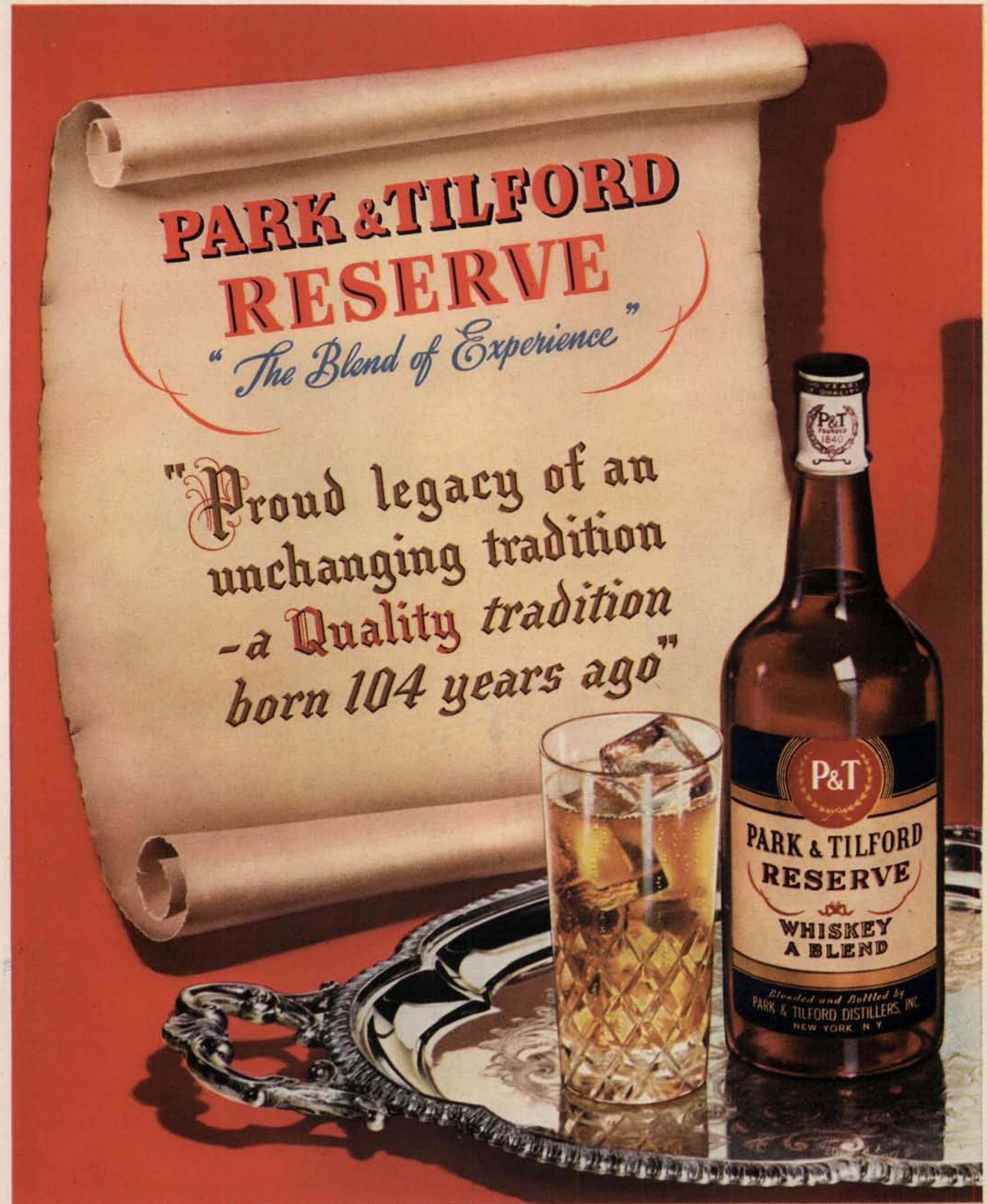
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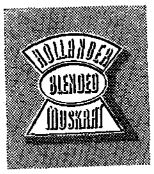

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 8.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, the regular mid-week-matinée schedule will be somewhat revised because of Independence Day. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year, by the author of "Rope's End." Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Mary Philips and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author of this farce, and the cast includes Betty Furness, Leila Ernst, and Peggy French. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:40.)

For Keeps—F. Hugh Herbert's rather wordy and old-fashioned play about a fifteen-year-old girl and her much-married parents. Patricia Kirkland, however, is very appealing as a bewildered adolescent. With Frank Conroy, Julie Warren, and Donald Murphy. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:40.)

Othello—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 1.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officer Candidate School. Not as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except July 6, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:40.)

Pick-Up Girl—A rather glum sociological document explaining how little girls happen to take up with sailors. The action takes place in a courtroom, with William Harrigan in charge. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that almost comes off but not quite. At least it introduces Zasu Pitts to Broadway, which is something. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. A little confused and disappointing but certainly something for you to see. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Una Merkel, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50. Closes Sat., July 8.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 1.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Ten Little Indians—A mystery play by Agatha Christie, with Michael Whalen, Claudia Morgan, Estelle Winwood, and Neil Fitzgerald. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert and Albert de Courville. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., June 29 and July 1, and Tues. and Sat., July 4 and 8, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Frank Parker, Irina Baronova, and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—The New Opera Company's somewhat haphazard revision of a nineteenth-century operetta. The Offenbach music, however, is lovely, and attractive people like Jarmila Novotná, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex ornament the cast. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, handsome musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Tues., July 4, at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a very large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. at 2:35 and Sun. at 2:45.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Mon. and Tues., July 3-4, at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Cool, spacious, and summery. Jules Lande's orchestra plays quietly for dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Eddie Heywood's orchestra; in other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Cheerful and offhand, with music by Ed Hall's orchestra and a show including Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room with dance music by Shep Fields' orchestra and a show headed by Bert Wheeler. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Morty Reid Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Be it ever so gorgeous, it's still home to some people. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there is sweet and continuous music (for waltzers, too) by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very regal, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the mind reader, being very clever in the opulent Cotillion Room, and you can dance to Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde does her song-and-prance act in the Persian Room and Bob Grant's orchestra plays for dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as pleasant as a roof can be. Fred Miller's orchestra plays for dinner and supper.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Bob Simone's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the big and decorative Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Russ Smith's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof there's a trio of acrobats at suppertime, along with Mischa Borr's waltz-and-rumba band. Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays all evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): bitter-sweet merriment by Eddie Mayehoff and Evelyn Knight; smooth music by Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3 1518): Spivy and her songs about the special problems of life in New York. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano in this quiet, cool room while the young folks talk.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls; Ray Sin-

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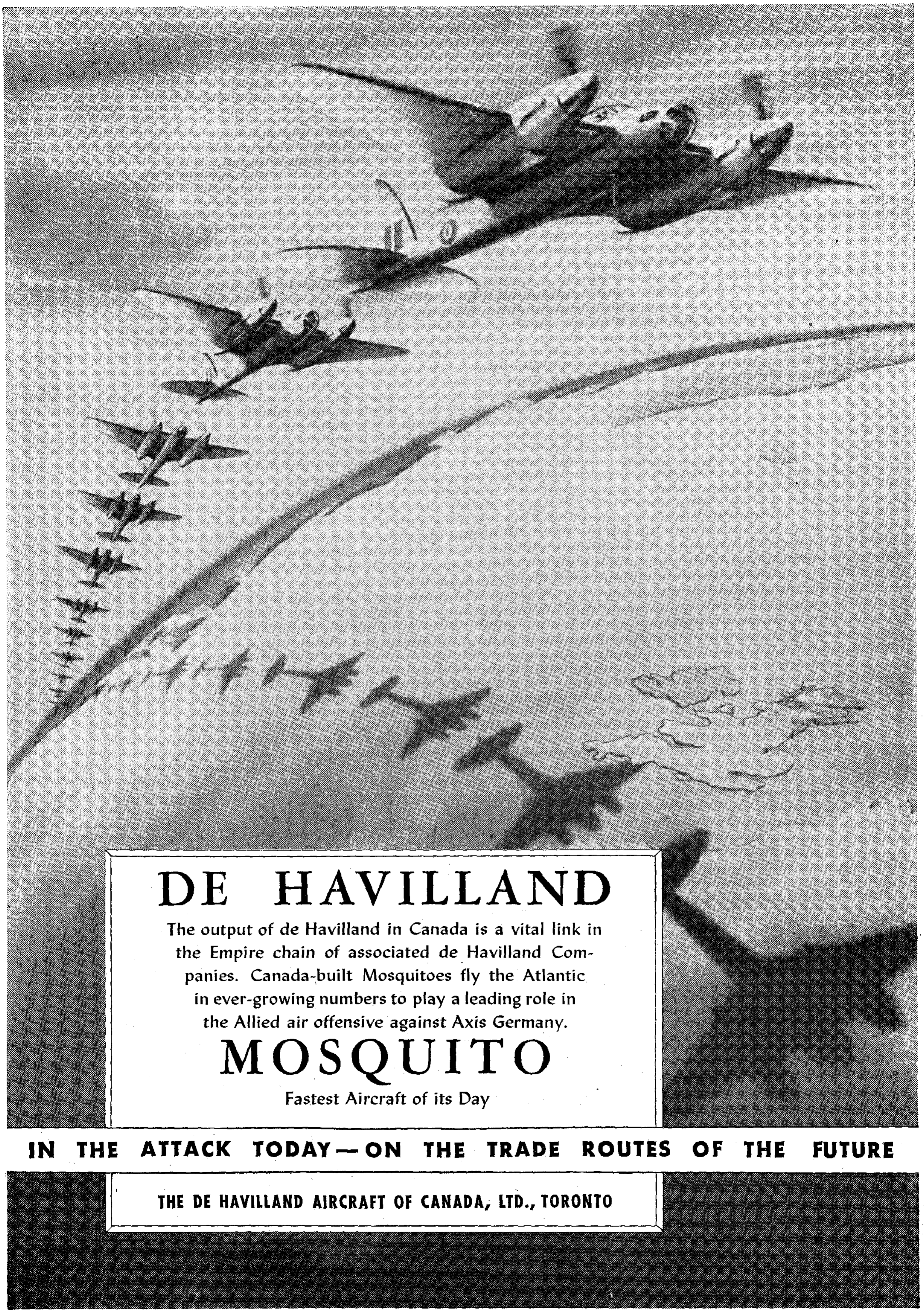

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FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 29,
THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 8.

atra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra will be here through Sat., July 1; beginning Mon., July 3, Tommy Tucker's band will play throughout the evening, and Louis Prima's will alternate at the supper hour. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Tony Pastor's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra will be replaced by Les Brown's on Mon., July 3. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space.

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Mostly for Music—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): jazz and nothing but, by Peewee Russell, Miff Mole, and Eddie Condon; no dancing. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): a new club and a new band, headed by Max Kaminsky, with James P. Johnson playing the piano in between times; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar but it has the Leonard Ware Trio. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the noise is supplied by the Al Casey Trio, Oscar Pettiford's band, and Hot Lips Page; blues by Billie Holiday. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins with his saxophone and his band, and more saxophone music by Pete Brown; no dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): intricate piano playing by Art Tatum, and mad piano playing and singing by Harry Gibson; Tatum's trio plays for dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala and his band play for their admirers; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a hot trio; no dancing.

Al Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and (after 9:30 P.M.) dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but pleasant for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave.: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American Academy of Arts and Letters, B'way at 155—The annual show of work by new members and winners of scholarship grants. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 30.

Art for the Home Front—A hundred contemporary American paintings which will later be sent on a tour of war plants and industrial centres: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 12.

Thomas Eakins—Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and personal items in an exhibition celebrating the centenary of his birth: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

European—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: old and modern artists, including Cranach, van Goyen, Derain, and Vlaminck. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: twentieth-century painting and sculpture by Braque, Masson, Despiau, Lipchitz, and others. Weekdays, except July 3-4, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 15.

French—At the **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: Dufy, Picasso, Lurçat, and others. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 14. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: Gauguin, Pissarro, Manet, Corot, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: Derain, Utrillo, Matisse, and others. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

Groups—At the **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: Darrel Austin, Carol Blanchard, Frederick Haucke, and others who have exhibited here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: paintings by Stephen Csoka, Louis Bosa, Gerard Hordyk, and others. Weekdays, including July 4, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: Raymond Breinin, Charles Sheeler, Jacob Lawrence, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 30. . . . **ARTIST ASSOCIATES,** 138 W. 15: members of this coöperative gallery, including Chuzo Tamotzu, Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, and Esteban Soriano. Weekdays, including July 4, 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 15. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: new work by the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors and guest artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., July 1. . . . **PUMA,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Puma, Janet Sobel, and others. Weekdays, except July 4, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: contemporary American paintings. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Francis Speight, and others. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings which have been shown here during the past season; also, a small theme show about the theatre, with work by Doris Lee, Thomas Benton, Adolf Dehn, and others. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 10. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's artists. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 14. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: painting and sculpture by members of the gallery's group. Tues. through Sat., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 7. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: pictures by Chagall, Dali, Hélion, Miró, and other moderns. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Peter Hurd, Andrew Wyeth, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 28.

Max Liebermann—A memorial show of work by the German Impressionist: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., except July 4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Sat., July 8.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—All the Museum's old masters brought out of hiding and hung against a newly decorated background; also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and (through Sept. 30), a large loan show of Russian ikons. Weekdays, including July 4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Enrique Moret—Sculpture: New School, 66 W. 12. Weekdays, except July 4, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An anniversary exhibition of the development of modern art in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as in industrial art, photography, the theatre, and motion pictures (through Oct. 8); also, prints by Stanley William Hayter and artists who have worked with him (through Sept. 17). Weekdays, including July 4, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 8.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and July 4, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

O'Keeffe, Marin, and Dove—The recent output of these three artists: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including July 4, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through July 10.

Photography as Art—Moholy-Nagy and a number of others, including Breitenbach and David Hare, use the camera for art rather than documentation; there are also some paintings suggested by the photographs: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., July 1.

Louis Schanker—Woodcuts in color: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., except July 3-4, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 14.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic Symphony—Alexander Smallens conducting, Thurs. through Sun., June 29-July 2, and Thurs., July 6; Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat., July 3, 5, 7, and 8; no symphony program on Tues., July 4. Highlights: "La Traviata," with Bidu Sayao and Jan Peerce, June 29-30; Eleanor Fine, piano, July 1; Bronislaw Huberman, violin, July 3; all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano, July 6; Ania Dorfmann, piano, July 8. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . Naumburg Orchestra, Nicholas Rescigno conducting, Tues., July 4, at 8:15 P.M.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. and Fri., June 29-30, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., July 1, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 2 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tues., July 4 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Wed. and Thurs., July 5-6, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Fri. and Sat., July 7-8, at 2:30 P.M.

Golf—U. S. Seniors G. A. Championship, Thurs. and Fri., June 29-30, Apawamis Club, Rye, N.Y. . . . Long Island G. A. Best Ball Championship, Thurs., June 29, Garden City G. C., Garden City, L.I. . . . Metropolitan G. A. Amateur Championship, finals, Sun., July 2, Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N.Y. . . . New Jersey State G. A. Pro-Amateur and Open Championship, Fri. and Sun., July 7 and 9, Montclair G. C., Montclair, N.J.

Racing—Daily at Aqueduct at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., July 1. (The Brooklyn Handicap, July 1.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11 AM. and 1:20 P.M. . . . Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, weekdays at 1:30 P.M., starting Mon., July 3. (The Yonkers Handicap, and war-relief benefit day, July 4; the Empire City, July 8.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Tennis—Bill Tilden, Frank Kovacs, Alice Marble, Mary Hardwick, and others in a series of exhibitions for the benefit of the Red Cross, Sun. through Tues., July 2-4, at 2 P.M., West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I.

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M.; through July 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: New Rochelle Y. C., Sun., July 2; Larchmont Y. C., Tues., July 4; at 2 P.M. . . . New York Y. C. Long Distance Race, Larchmont breakwater to Stratford Shoal and back, Sat., July 8, at 8 P.M.

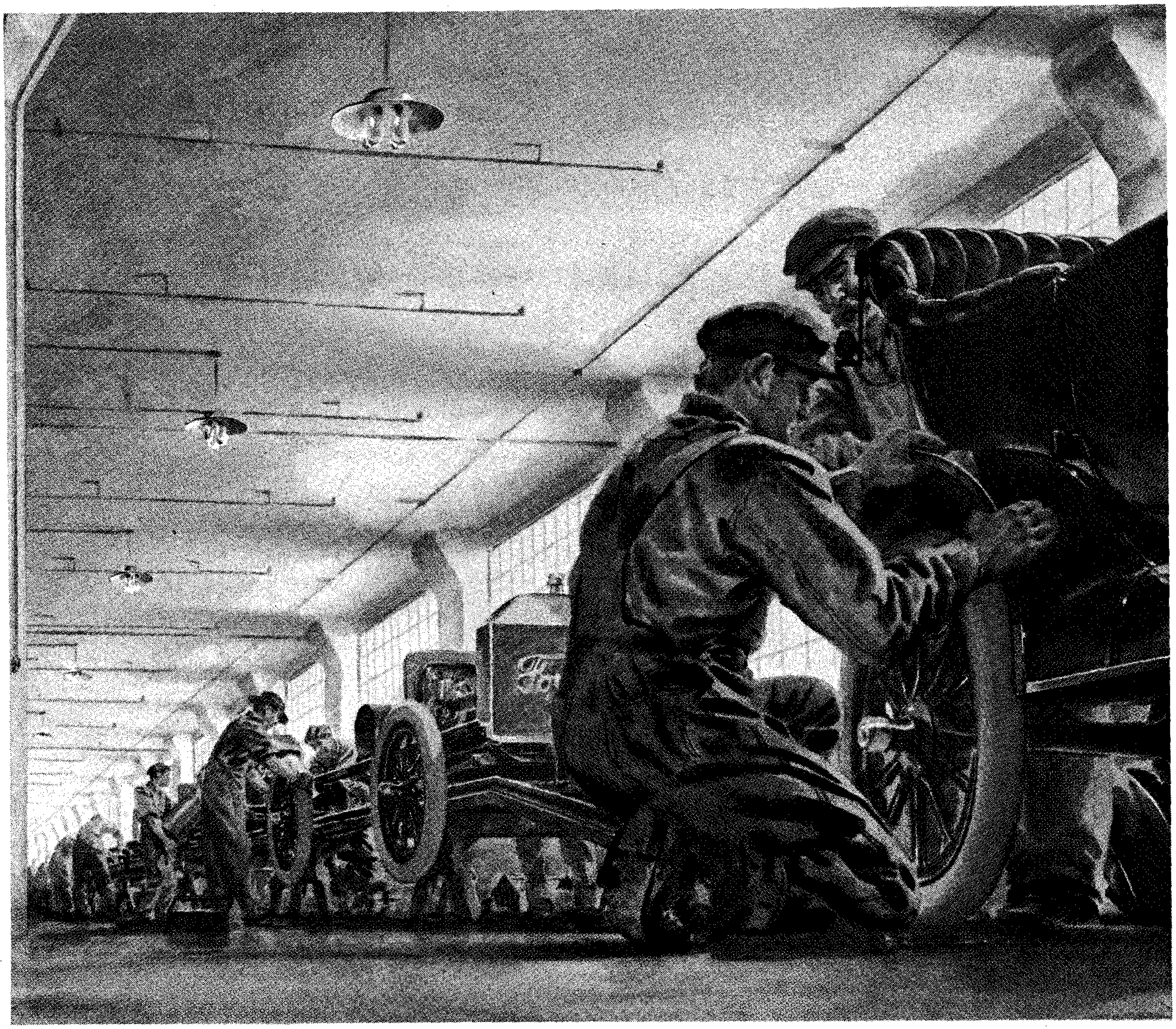
OTHER EVENTS

War Exhibitions—At the **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.,** 5 Ave. at 51: "Your Fighting Coast Guard," an exhibition designed to show the wartime activities of the U. S. Coast Guard in all parts of the world, with displays of the equipment used in invasions, convoy duty, rescue missions, and in many other phases of its work. Opens Sat., July 1. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and July 4, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 4. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: the development of the U. S. Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use; also, an Army Air Forces show featuring a troop-carrying glider, a P-47 fighter plane, and gun turrets and other plane equipment. Daily, including July 4, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 15. . . . **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays, including July 4, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

War Bond Show—An entertainment by nightclub entertainers, stage and screen personalities, and orchestras, sponsored by the people of Harlem: Tues., July 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. Admission by War Bonds only; for information, call CI 6-4300.)

City Planning—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, parks, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues. (including July 4), Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Planetarium—"Summer Skies" is the title of the July lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through



There and then . . . the assembly line was born

Early in 1913, Henry Ford had his technicians try a new production idea which had come to him as he observed a watch factory in operation. Instead of having a single group of men make the entire assembly on each flywheel magneto, the unit was moved from one worker to another. The result was a 50% saving in time!

"Why not test this idea on the whole chassis?" Mr. Ford next suggested. So now, along elevated greased rails, each chassis was being pushed by hand as workers added the various parts in sequence. *There and then, the assembly line was born!*

A chain-driven line was soon after put into operation. Under the new system, the 14 hours formerly required for a single chassis assembly were cut to 1 hour and 33 minutes.

Before 1913 was over, more than 100,000 Ford cars had been built. All records for the mass production of automobiles had been broken.

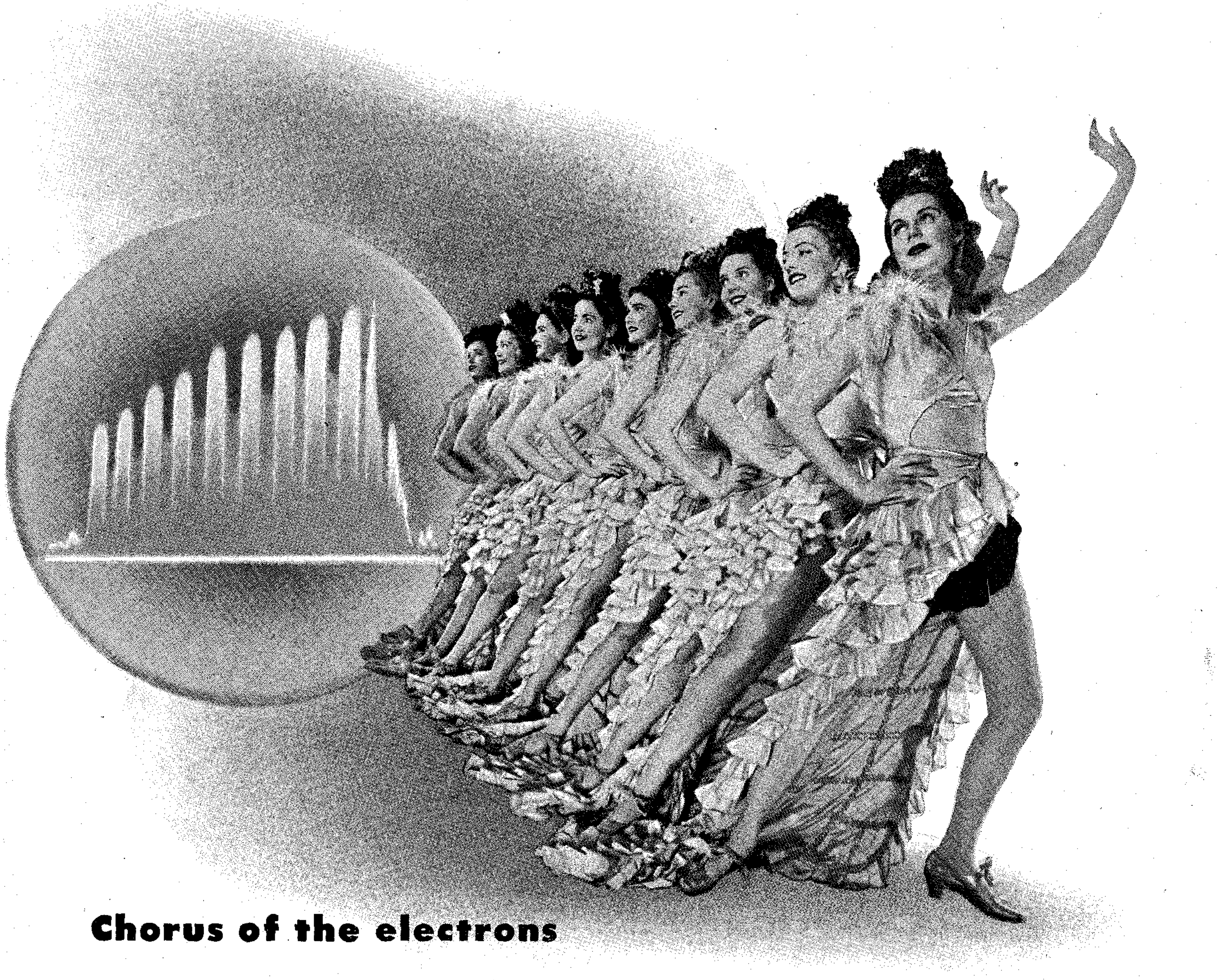
Remarkable as this achievement was, it meant more than just a saving in production time, more than creating new methods for industry everywhere. To Mr. Ford and his associates, this was another step in their endeavor to make life easier for millions.

From the first, the assembly line technique of production eased working conditions. Along with other modern advances, it helped to increase the life span of workers. At Ford, it soon made possible the 8-hour day. And with unskilled labor in many places earning as little as $1 a day, Ford basic pay was raised to $5.

The assembly line also brought price reductions on Ford cars. This placed the pleasure and convenience of the motor car within the reach of more people. This policy of sharing production savings with the public has remained fundamental with Ford.

Today, in the creation of equipment vital to victory, Ford men continue to search for better ways of doing things. What they are learning will be reflected in the improved Ford transportation of tomorrow.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Chorus of the electrons

On the stage, it's a chorus dancing. But in the television camera, the color and personality and motion become a pattern of dancing electrons . . . an infinitesimal pattern, but enough for sensitive equipment to catch, strengthen and fling through space to your receiving set.

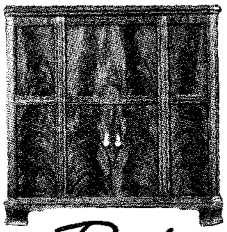
Television is only one of the advanced sound and sight instruments for your home that will come, after the war, from the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation. New Capeharts and new Farnsworth radios and phonograph-radios will be made in the plants that today produce Radar and advanced military communications equipment. They'll take advantage of wartime discoveries . . . bring you the pleasures of full tone, faithful reception and reproduction—and at a wide range of prices.

You will be able to choose from many styles and sizes . . . interference-free FM radio . . . dependable, simple record-changers . . . cabinets designed for both beauty and efficiency. Television, too, eventually will be available in both Farnsworth and Capehart models.

And every Farnsworth or Capehart instrument, from the modestly priced to the most luxurious, will bring you the highest possible quality at its cost—the fruit of 19 years of research and manufacturing in the electronics field.

Great things are coming in sound and sight reception and reproduction . . . you'll find the finest built by our engineers. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

WAR BONDS HASTEN PEACE. BUY MORE.



THE
CAPEHART

THE
FARNSWORTH

Television · Radio · Phonographs

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W. AYER & SON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fri. at 2, 3:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and July 4 at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Music—War Bond Concert, Arturo Toscanini conducting the N. B. C. Symphony, Sun., July 2, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sun., July 2, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., June 30 and July 7, and Wed., July 5, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., July 1 and 8, at 3:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: Brooklyn Handicap, Sat., July 1, at 4:30 P.M.; the Empire City, Sat., July 8, at 4:15 P.M.; WOR.

News Commentators—Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:45 P.M., WAAT. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, nightly at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Fri. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Attack!—One of those Army documentaries which have to be seen. This one is about the New Britain campaign. (Globe, B'way at 46; Gotham, B'way at 47; Manhattan, B'way at 51; through Fri., June 30.)

Christmas Holiday—Deanna Durbin, playing a very grownup rôle, and Gene Kelly in an able adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel about a girl who marries a criminal type. With Richard Whorf, Dean Harens, and Gale Sondergaard. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

Cover Girl—A long but agreeable musical with Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., July 5. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., July 1-4. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 4-8. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; tentative, Wed. through Fri., July 5-7.)

48 Hours—A neat bit of conjecture by the British on what might have happened if German parachutists had landed in one of their villages back in pre-invasion days. Leslie Banks and others. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

Gaslight—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street," the one about the man who persuades his wife that she's going crazy. Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, and Joseph Cotten. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., July 1. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., July 3.)

Going My Way—Light, agreeable tribute to the Catholic clergy, with Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, and Risë Stevens. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

Home in Indiana—A very pleasant picture about young love in the Middle West, with harness racing as a background. Lon McCallister, Walter Brennan, and Jeanne Crain. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

It Happened Tomorrow—Lively developments arising from a man's getting the morning paper twenty-four hours ahead of time. Dick Powell, Linda Darnell, and Jack Oakie. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., June 30.)

Lady in the Dark—A lady editor's dream world, in color, with costumes to end all costumes. Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., July 1. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., July 3. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., July 2-4.)

The Mask of Dimitrios—A slow but workmanlike version of an Eric Ambler thriller. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

The Memphis Belle—An exciting Army documentary about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., July 4-6.)

Mr. Skeffington—A long, uneven one about a man and his skittish wife. You've got to like Bette Davis, but many do. She's the wife and Claude Rains is the man. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Passage to Marseille—An eventful, if cumbersome, picture about the Fighting French, with Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Claude Rains, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Wed., July 2-5. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., July 4-7. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., July 4. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Sat., July 5-8.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 29, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 8.

The Purple Heart—Grim speculation on the ordeal of the captured Tokio fliers. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, and John Craven. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., June 29. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., July 1-3.)

See Here, Private Hargrove—Basic training without tears. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., July 5.)

The Song of Bernadette—A tasteful and well-acted, if somewhat dreamy, film about a young girl's miraculous experiences at Lourdes. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Mon. through Wed., July 3-5.)

Standing Room Only—A comedy, with some good moments, about housing and servant troubles in Washington. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 29.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—The heroism of a Navy doctor on Java. The story has been handled ponderously, but a good deal of the drama of the doctor's actual achievement survives. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—A long variety show starring, luckily, Jimmy Durante. Room has been made, also, for Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, a couple of orchestras, and a rather troublesome plot. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

REVIVALS

Adventures of Tartu (1943)—Sabotage in a German munitions factory. Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 29.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Tues., July 4.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., July 5.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 30-July 3.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Gotham, B'way at 47; starting Sat., July 1.)

Fantasia (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; starting Sat., July 1.)

Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 30.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., June 30-July 1.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., June 30-July 1.)

Holy Matrimony (1943)—Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 4-6.)

Keeper of the Flame (1943)—About a national hero and concealed Fascism in America. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 4-6.)

The Male Animal (1942)—The screen version of the Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 29.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., June 30-July 3.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 30-July 3.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; through Fri., June 30.)

Tortilla Flat (1942)—The Steinbeck novel about California *paisanos*. Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., June 29. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., June 30.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing documentary films, produced by the War Department, weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. and July 4 at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., JULY 2: "The Nazis Strike.". . . FROM MON., JULY 3: "Divide and Conquer."

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics assisting in vision tests etc.; men and women to work about four hours a week for the Committee of Refugee Education, teaching English and instructing refugees in American customs. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings and filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for, and serving at, servicemen's clubs (RE 4-5982). . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to work in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, or dietary or ward aides; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as clinic aides, librarians, or aides in children's wards.

Note—The War Manpower Commission needs volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

War Loan Drive—The Fifth War Loan Drive will continue through Sat., July 8, and the C. D. V. O. and the A. W. V. S. are still recruiting volunteers to work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the campaign.

Salvage—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51st (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French servicemen in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, radios, records, and pool or tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the A. W. V. S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33); the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park Ave., at 33rd (PL 5-9100). . . . Musical instruments of all kinds, but especially drums and brasses, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 2 Ave. at 64th, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the Marine Library, 45 Broadway, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.

The B-29 shown here without its armament. The plane in the background is a Boeing Flying Fortress

Shortening the road to Tokyo

When word flashed around the world that B-29 Superfortress crews had ended the training stage and gone into action against Japan, it was cheering war news.

But behind that news is an even deeper significance. For the Boeing Superfortress marks the greatest single advance in aviation since the war began.

Many details of the B-29's performance must still remain military secrets but it can be stated without qualification that this is the most potent weapon of air warfare ever developed.

Half again as large as the Boeing Flying Fortress, the Superfortress is faster, carries a far heavier bomb-load and has greater range than any other bomber in combat today.

The same Boeing engineering staff that designed the B-17 Flying Fortress is responsible for the Boeing B-29. Working closely with the Army Air Forces Materiel Command, these men have incorporated in the new Superfortress many of Boeing's unique principles of design. Only the keen engineering vision and production skill which enabled Boeing to give America the 247, first modern-type commercial transport—the Flying Fortress—the famous Stratoliners and transocean Clippers—could have done this job and done it in time.

So urgent do military authorities regard the need for this new Boeing bomber that they have requested several of the nation's largest aircraft factories, in addition to the Boeing plants, to build it.

How many of the B-29 Superfortresses are to be built, and where and how they will be used, must remain restricted information. But you can rest assured that in the hands of courageous, keenly trained American crews these great ships are a formidable weapon for Victory.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

FINISH THE FIGHT WITH WAR BONDS

THE NEW YORKER

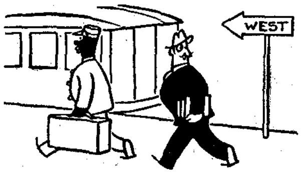
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE first thing that happens to a secret weapon after it goes into use is that it loses its secrecy, thereby losing about eighty per cent of its sting. Other things happen to it, too. Germany's robot bomb (now known in American homes as the "rowboat" bomb) was the subject of an impudent broadcast by an N.B.C. newsman the other morning from London. He said he'd seen one of the bombs and that "it sounded like my father-in-law's outboard motor on Lake Winnebago." These must be bleak and busy days in the German propaganda office, and since one of Herr Goebbels' jobs is to plug the rowboat bomb, we presume he will want to know about this Lake Winnebago. For his information, it is a large lake in our state of Wisconsin, northwest of the great beer-brewing city of Milwaukee; on its shore is the famed American city of Oshkosh (pronounced Ooshkōosh). Winnebago Lake is not to be confused with Winnebago County, Ill., or with Sebago Lake, Me., or with Winnipesaukee, N. H., or with Winnabow, N. C., or even with Winnemucca, Nev., or Winnie, Tex., any one of which towns or lakes would have made a fine place for an ex-propaganda minister to settle down after the conquest of the world by a secret weapon, or rowboat.

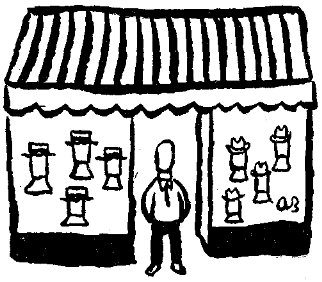
LAST week, while the robot bombs were fizzing and popping across the Channel, the civilian front entered the final, or silly-season, phase of the war. The W.P.B. announced that distillers might devote the month of August to making liquor, the intention being frankly to release liquor now hoarded by threatening to make more liquor. Good old economics of abundance! Three high-calibre executives had display advertisements in the *Times*, announcing that they were available for positions with a postwar future. At a convocation of the National Burlap Bag Dealers Association, an O.P.A. man announced that the high ethical standards of the burlap dealers had been instrumental in preventing a burlap-bag black market. Gimbel advertised, for $5.98, a four-gallon galvanized spray tank. "Use it for insecticides or use it for watering outlying spots," said Gimbel. A few elderly air-raid wardens might have recognized, in Gimbel's sketch of the pump, a piece of equipment once issued for fighting incendiary bombs.

WE allowed our mind to stray from thoughts of the European situation last Monday and to be gripped by thoughts of the average missing man, whom we read about in a magazine called *Reward*, which goes in for such things. The average missing man is, says *Reward*, "five feet seven inches, weighs 162 pounds, was married at 26, and likes the movies. [A little stocky perhaps, ladies, but worldly wise and art-conscious.] He is dark-complexioned, has no children, lives in a city of 50,000 or more, was popular with the girls before he was married [ha!], and, oddly enough, had better than average marks in school." The passionate Latin type, obviously, no demanding offspring, a cosmopolite, smooth, scholarly—what more could be asked? He's at large now, ladies—the Lord only knows just where—but it's a cinch bet on what direction he has taken. He's headed West. Out of the way, Boyer.



THE Adjutant General is quite right in banning, for Army consumption, books which are full of political implications. Such stuff is unsuitable for soldiers, in our opinion. Take the case of "One Man's Meat" by E. B. White, which is one of the banned books. Three of the essays in that book appeared in these pages, and we can testify that they were deliberately calculated to influence the soldier vote. One of the essays was about the catarrhal trouble of Daniel Webster, a notorious Whig; another was about the opening of the World's Fair, a bald excursion into the theatrics of internationalism; and the third was a thinly veiled fiction piece about a boy and a sick sheep, a story so drenched with political implications that it gives us the Republican twitches just to think of it. The sick sheep symbolized the fourth term, as we recall it, and the boy was meant to represent Thomas E. Dewey before he gave up singing. We don't want stuff of that sort getting into the hands of our service men at a time like this. As for Catherine Drinker Bowen's biography of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, well, the less said about that old scamp the better.

WE don't know exactly what has happened about the phosphorescent meat that turned up in the iceboxes of Mexia, Texas, last week. The phenomenon was first brought to the attention of the authorities there when a frightened citizen rushed into the police station exclaiming, "My meat—it's all lit up!" A town-wide check of butchers showed five of them to be selling the product that gave off the peculiar emanation, and the mystery was referred to the local health officer, who remarked coolly, "I think I know what it is," but then added that he wouldn't make an announcement until he was sure. The last we heard from the daily press was that the meat continued to glow and that the matter—as the press kept calling it—had been turned over to the state health department, the top chemists of Swift & Co.'s Fort Worth laboratories, and Texas A. & M. University, where it had been referred to the department of veterinary surgery. Meanwhile, according to the last word in the papers, the townsfolk continued to eat it, with no ill effects.



We have no doubt that someone will find the explanation, but what we wonder is, will he let it go at that? Some of the most important scientific discoveries have come up incidentally, of course, and no one knows where this investigation might lead to, provided it doesn't end with the mere solution of the mystery. We aren't thinking of just the obvious commercial possibilities, either, such as butchers being able to scrap their neon lights and decorate their windows with ingenious arrangements of luminous cuts. How many generations of workers with the microscope wiped the mold specks off their slides to concentrate on the bacteria they were studying—until somebody let the microbes go and went to work on the mold itself, with the result known as penicillin? Who knows but that whatever is making that meat incandescent might be converted into something that will enable fresh meat to cook itself? In the world of science nothing is silly. Buried somewhere in that little fantasy in Mexia may be a secret of great worth to mankind, and we hope that the technicians at A. & M. and Swift & Co. will not quit with the discovery of what lit up the meat, just because they've got it turned off.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The following statement is chalked on a wall at Amsterdam Avenue and Eighty-first Street: "LEAH HATES MASON ABSOLUTELY."

On M Street, in Washington, is an institution which describes itself as the United Department Store, Successor to Tolstoi. And in San Francisco, it is possible to eat at a restaurant hauntingly named Original Joe's Number 2.

Climbing the Twenty-fourth Street wall of London Terrace is a glossy, luxuriant growth of poison ivy.

Nest

AS if everybody working in the War Department Building in Washington didn't have enough on his mind already, a mother bird has nested in one of the ventilating units. Near the switch that regulates this device is a large, official-looking sign: "DO NOT TURN ON THIS MACHINE. A MOTHER BIRD HAS COME IN THRU THE VENT AND HAS BUILT A NEST IN THE PART OVER THE RADIATOR. THIS HAS BEEN OBSERVED FROM THE NEXT WING, ROOM 2365. DO NOT REMOVE THIS WARNING." The little birds are getting along fine, but the War Department people sometimes find it a bit stuffy.

Our Own Baedeker

THE Channel Islands, which the Germans took from the British in 1940, are the subject of this week's briefing. To get the map work over with, they are off the western coast of the Cherbourg peninsula, and, reading from north to south, the important members of the group are Alderney, Guernsey, Sark, and Jersey. These account for seventy-four and a half of the islands' total area of seventy-five square miles, and more than ninety-nine per cent of their population, which, according to the last peacetime census, was something over ninety thousand. The lesser islands are small, rocky, and mostly uninhabited. The coastline of all of them is highly melodramatic: reefs, rip tides, rocky cliffs, caverns, and small beaches dotted about to attract tourists. The larger islands are fertile, fine for pasture and farming. Guernsey and Jersey cattle and the concomitant dairy products are, as is well known, really something. Tomatoes are grown under glass extensively, and cabbages develop stalks ten feet high, from which walking sticks are made. Potatoes, grapes, and cut flowers are among the exports.

The presence of the islands off the west coast of the peninsula was extremely unfortunate for the recent invasion, naval friends tell us. The Germans have armed them heavily with long-range guns and therefore the Allied warships couldn't give troops support from the west coast, and, presumably, troop landings on that side of the peninsula were considered impossible. The officers of Eisenhower's staff, working out the details of the invasion, must have sighed over and sworn at the Channel Islands many times.

The Islanders are a decent, frugal, hard-working people, fond of swimming and prone to superstition. They became English subjects when William the Conqueror took over England, and since then they have referred to the King of England as the Duke of Normandy and tolerantly regarded the other English as a subject race. The official language of the islands is French, but the more sophisticated residents speak English and the islands have their own patois—Norman French, a corruption of what their forebears spoke in Normandy. British currency is used on the islands, naturally, but there is also a complicated local coinage, all copper, which strangers should beware of. The Islanders still retain an old Norman legal quirk, the *clameur de Haro*. This provides that a man who feels someone is doing him dirt may kneel in the presence of at least two witnesses and cry out, "*Haro! Haro! Haro! A l'aide, mon Prince! On me fait tort.*" This is a completely valid legal injunction, and whatever the man objects to must stop until the case can be tried in court. A Guernsey farmer successfully invoked the *clameur de Haro* in 1918 against the erection of a telephone pole on his land.

Over the years, France made several attempts to recapture the islands, and did hold them for two brief spells in the fifteenth century. Sark was once saved from some French who managed to land there by some Flemish sailors, apparently Anglophiles, who pretended that one of their crew had died and asked permission to bury him on the island. They filled the coffin with small arms and retook the island for the British. In the middle nineteenth century, republican refugees clustered around Victor Hugo, who lived in exile in Jersey for four years, until he published a letter protesting against a visit Queen Victoria had made to the island, and had to move to Guernsey, where he wrote "Les Misérables."

Today the Channel Islands people are about as conservative as you could find anywhere. Guernsey and Jersey insist that they have kept their herds pure for centuries and no cattle can be brought to either island except for immediate slaughter. Sark still has a hereditary ruler, called the *Seigneur*, who exercises roughly the same authority as a medieval *seigneur*, collecting a tithe of his subjects' crops and enjoying other rugged-individualist privileges. The present *Seigneur* is an East Orange, New Jersey, man, Robert Hathaway (Yale '13), who married into the position. He has a brother, Stewart S. Hathaway, up in Rye. Sark has almost no automobiles, and absolutely no income tax. On Guernsey, court is held in the open air, beside ancient sacred wells. The Channel Islands witches—and there are plenty of them—do not need broomsticks to fly; comes natural to them. As late as 1914, a woman was tried for witchcraft on Guernsey. *Sorchelers*—people who have the power of the evil eye—are fairly common throughout the islands. St. Patrick visited Jersey and got a chilly welcome and then visited Sark and Guernsey, where the people made a fuss over him, so he gathered all the snakes in Sark and Guernsey and dumped them on Jersey—or so the natives say.

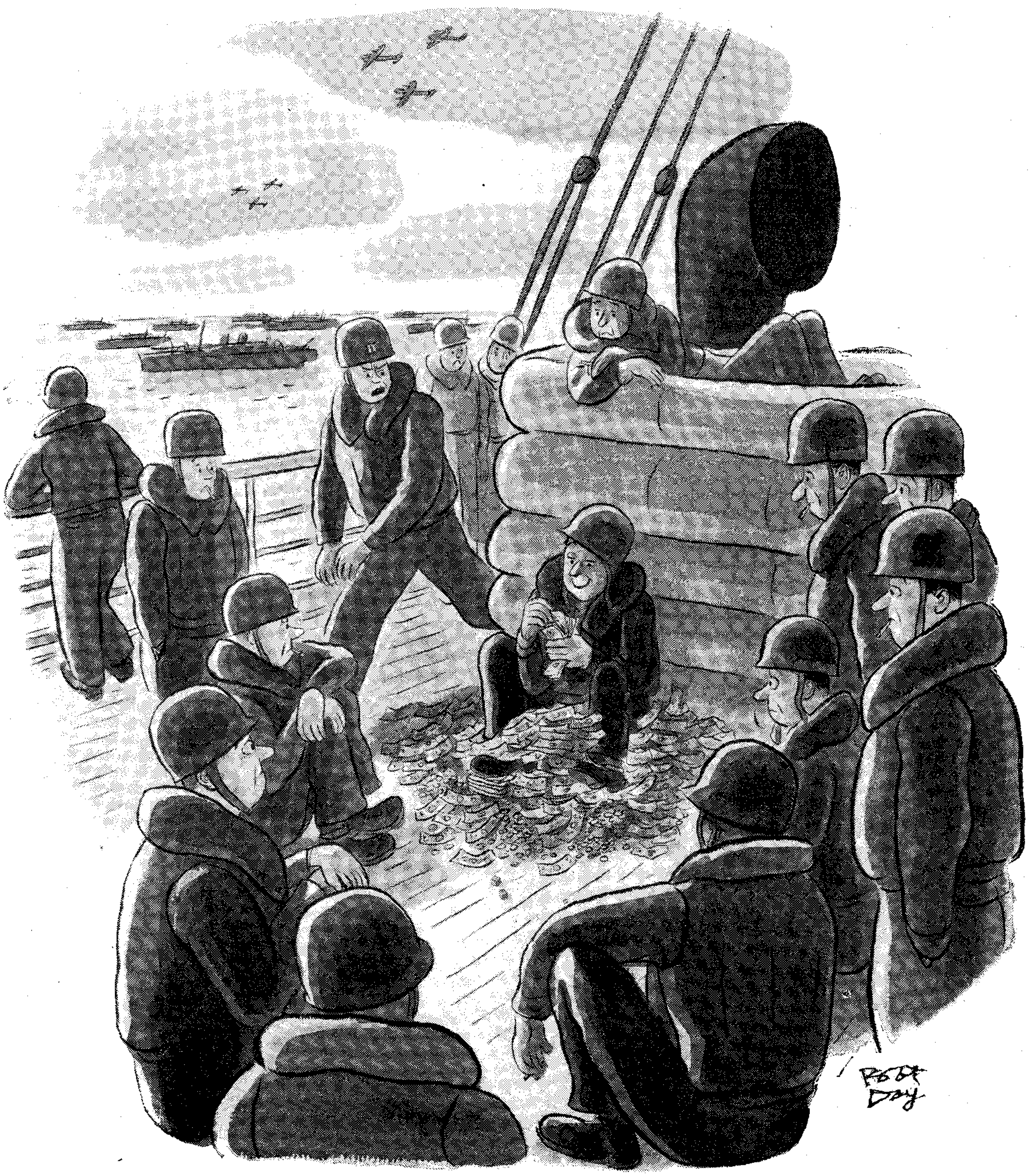
As for famous natives, Jersey is ahead of the other islands. It's the home of Millais, the painter; Lillie Langtry, the Jersey Lily; and *Homo Brelandensis*, a Neanderthal skeleton. Through the de Carterets, a feudal family whose seat is the island of Jersey, we Americans have an old link with the Channel Islands. Charles II gave Sir George Carteret a couple of big grants of land in the New World. Sir George named one of them the Carolinas, after Charles, and he named the other New Jersey.

Incentive

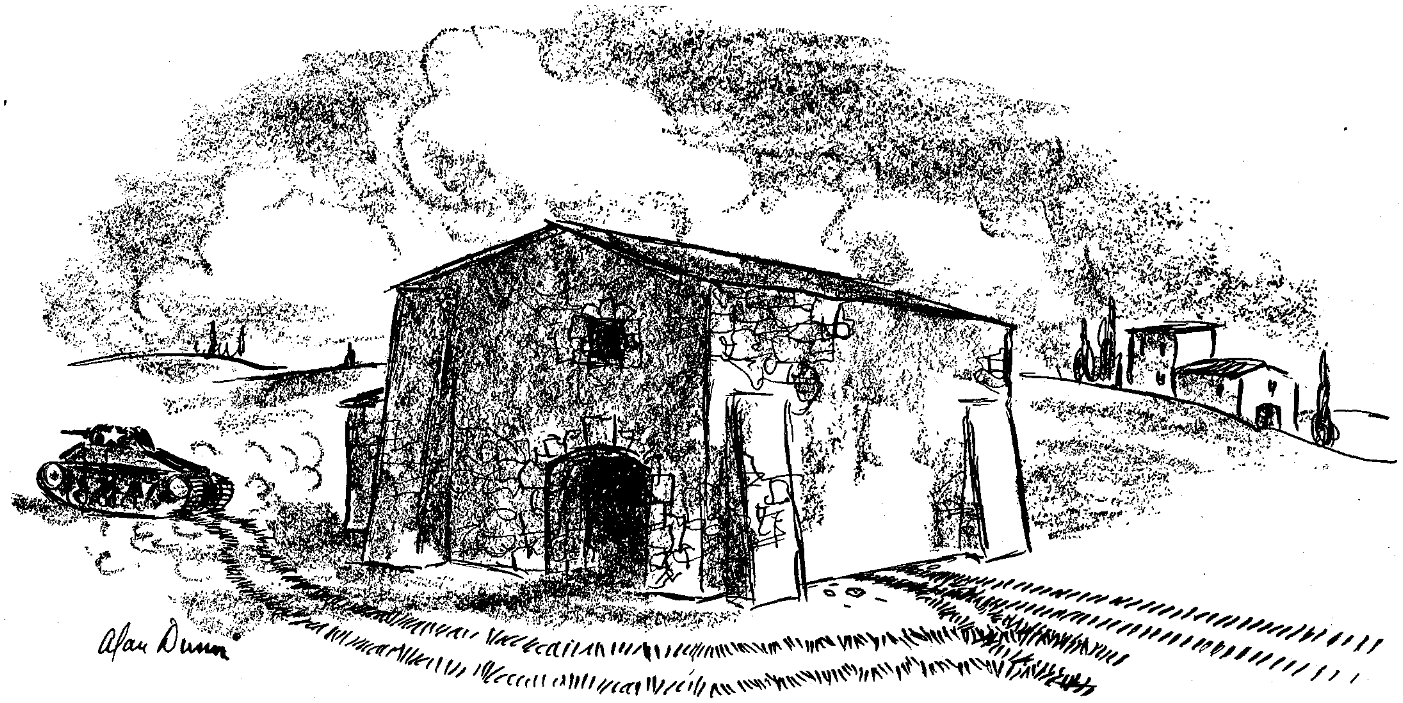
THE most imaginative contribution to the Fifth War Loan drive we know was made by an Army captain stationed in one of the Southern camps, who assembled his men and lectured them on the necessity of buying bonds. "And remember, men," he said, in earnest conclusion, "nothing is important right now except defeating Hitler and Horatio."

Ley on Robots

EVER willing to play ball with the German propaganda machine, which has been turning out threats that New York might itself expect a few flights of the robot bombs, we hunted up the best authority on the subject that we could find—Willy Ley, the weapons editor of *PM* and the author of a recently published book on rockets. Not to keep our readers on tenterhooks, Ley thinks it's unlikely that we're in any danger. To understand his reasons for thinking so, you should know something about how the bomb is constructed, and how it is used against England, so hold tight. In the first place, it's unscientific to call the new gadget a rocket bomb. A rocket contains in its charge all the elements necessary for combustion, and could, at least according to current theories, go whizzing out past the stratosphere to another planet; the robot bomb, on the other hand, has a jet-propulsion motor which burns atmospheric oxygen, mixed with some low-grade motor fuel, and would be no good in the stratosphere, let alone beyond it. Thus, a flight of robot bombs headed for New York would have to



"Police up that mess, Fowler."



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make it the hard way, tooling along in plain sight of every ship on the Atlantic (even at night), and at the mercy of our pursuit planes, which can fly a good deal faster.

Ley figures that what he calls the "dispersion factor" of the bombs now hitting England is about twenty per cent of the range. This means that if one of them is aimed at London it may drop ten miles or more on either side of the city. Now, when you expand these figures to take care of a three-thousand-mile flight to the United States, you bump up against some difficulties. To carry the extra fuel necessary for the long flight, the wingspread would have to be fifty or sixty feet—quite an expensive piece of construction. And that twenty-per-cent angle of accuracy would, at a three-thousand-mile range, make it just as likely that a robot would wind up in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or Portsmouth, Virginia, as in New York. It's possible, of course, that a more accurate pilot device might be used to keep the robot on its course, but even a one-per-cent error would land the bomb thirty miles from its target. There are other factors, too: the bombs would be reported several hours before they arrived, whereas London gets only ten minutes' warning; with our radar system, we could have pursuit planes waiting over the Atlantic. The Nazis have observation planes (and possibly spies) to correct their aim at London, but it would be awfully hard to organize such observation on a transatlantic basis.

Ley is a native of Germany and a pioneer in rocket experiment. He came here in 1935, and is now in process of becoming an American citizen. He might have stuck around in Germany a short while longer if the Nazis hadn't begun monopolizing scientific information, making life difficult for scientists who were not Nazi sympathizers. Ley thinks he knows who invented the robot, by the way. Back in the old Pilsner-drinking days of the German Rocket Society, one of his buddies was a young engineer named Wilhelm Goldau, who had invented a jet-propulsion motor. Ley remembers Goldau as rather a non-political young man. Maybe he was won over to the Nazis, or maybe they just appropriated his invention.

While we were talking with Ley, he mentioned one result of the war that we hadn't noticed: a decline in the quality of pseudo-scientific fiction. Normally, he told us, this is written by real scientists, as a relaxation or a source of pin money. Now, of course, they're all too busy for fiction, and the scientific stuff is being turned out by hacks who wouldn't know a space rocket if they saw one.

Touch

A MAN we know got a letter last week from a friend of his who is in the Army, taking his basic training in the South. It included a fairly urgent request for a loan of twenty-five dollars, which the soldier promised to return after his next pay day. Our friend hopped right over to a Western Union office and filled out a money-order blank, putting down the recipient's Army serial number for the identifying question to be asked at the other end. The clerk, however, said that Western Union preferred to identify recipients by their birth dates, so he crossed out the serial number and wrote "Birthday, July 16." He has just received another letter from the soldier, thanking him for his thoughtfulness in making the money order a birthday gift instead of a loan. Our man needed the money to pay his taxes, too.

The Japanese Navy

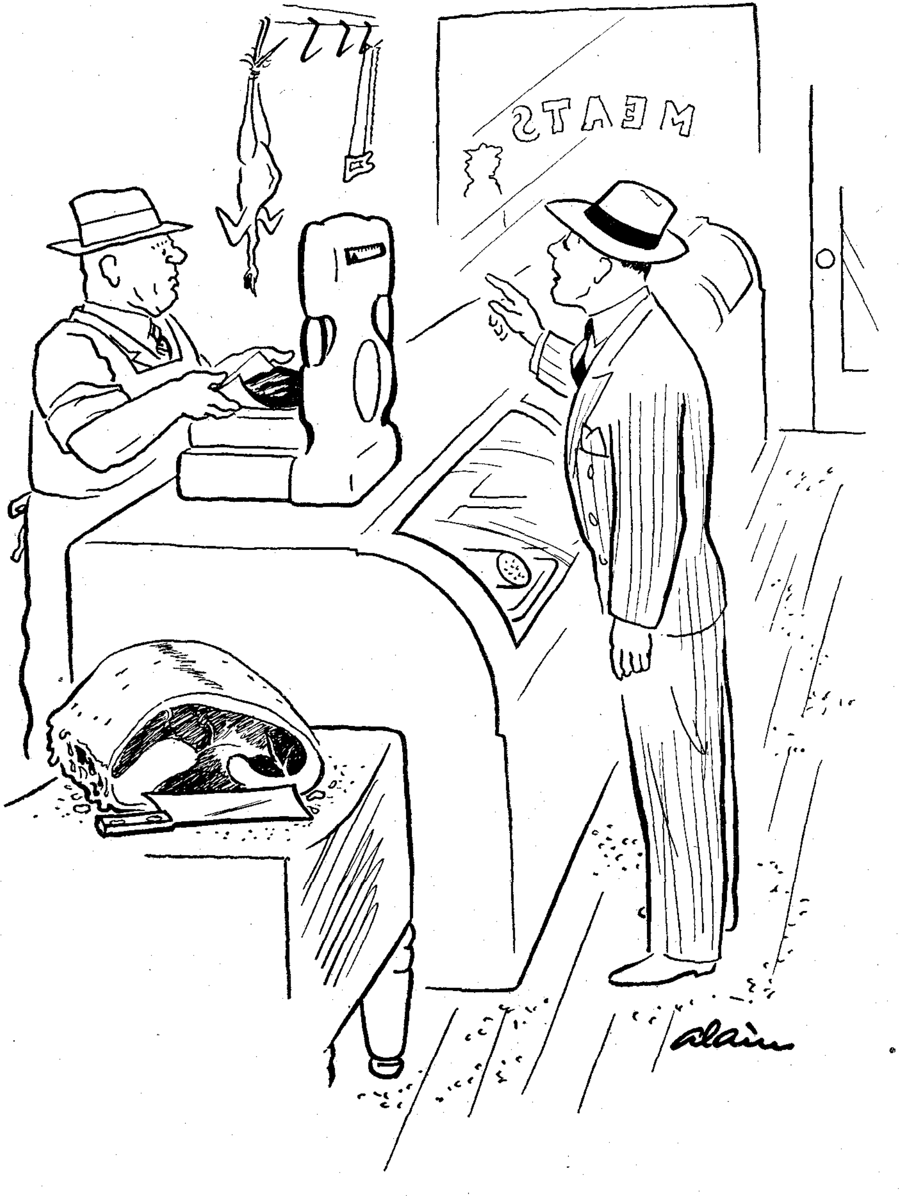
HEREWITH some scattered facts about the Japanese Navy, which, according to reports as we go to press, is pretty scattered itself. Jap naval officers average five feet in height, but the seamen are big, strapping fellows, five foot three or more. The pay scale ranges from sixty cents a month for a seaman to eight thousand a year for an admiral. As in our own peacetime Navy, the typical Japanese sailor is a lad from an inland farm. Japanese sailors are never, under any circumstances, eligible for a commission except as engineering officers and they never mess or stand watch with the officers, even on a gunboat or submarine. All officers above the rank of captain receive a monthly allowance for entertainment; a Japanese lieutenant commander on active duty may be addressed as Captain. While at sea, the men get a daily ration of sake; the officers' mess is likely to go in for whiskey and soda. Drunkenness ashore has always been a big problem in the Japanese Navy; the men usually turn nasty and since they are armed with dirks, trouble is apt to result. When they used to come ashore on our Pacific Coast, however, they were usually entertained by the Japanese population, which kept them out of mischief.

Even in peacetime, the Japs were more secretive about naval construction than we are now. Once a man was hired to work in a shipyard, that was the end of him as far as the outside world was concerned. He lived with his family in a stockade within the yard, his mail was heavily censored, and when he had finished work on one ship he was simply put to work on another. Probably the shipyard workers of Japan will be secretly relieved when the Americans take over and let them out. To be perfectly frank, the Japanese have a great head start over us in matters of espionage and naval intelligence. Because it's so much easier to learn English than Japanese, the Jap officers sent to this country picked up a good working knowledge of us and our language while Americans assigned to similar duties in Japan were still floundering around learning ideograms. The outbreak of war caught us badly unprepared in this respect, and thousands of intelligence officers had to be taught Japanese in a hurry. The problem of intercepting messages is still a tough one. The Jap version of Morse code contains eight or ten extra symbols in addition to the forty-two standard ones and is pretty tough for a non-Jap to take down. And after it is down it has to be decoded. We have been successful at this, to judge from the results, but it must have been an awful headache for somebody.

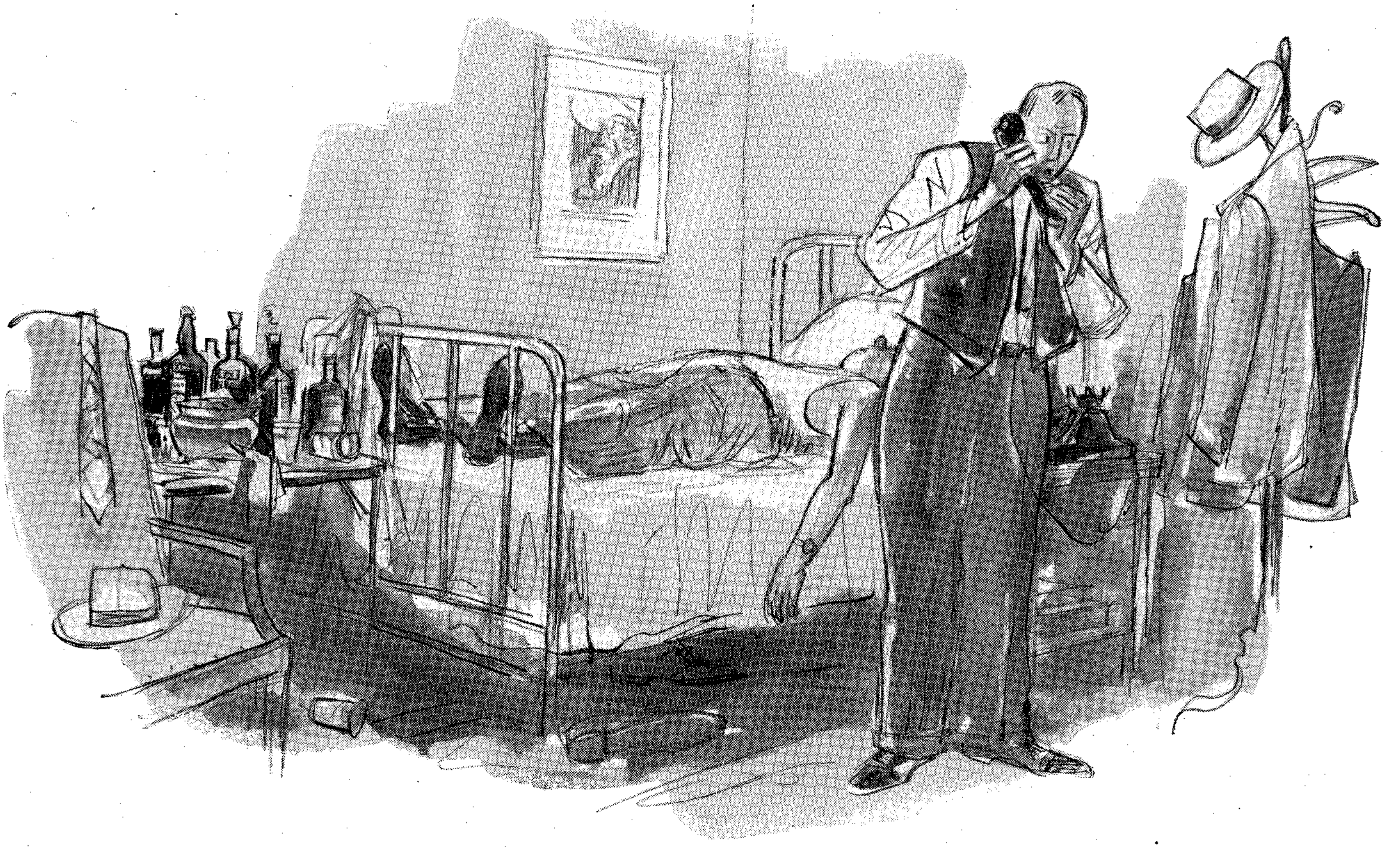
Receptions given aboard a Japanese naval vessel are called "At homes." The men have to make paper cherry blossoms and chrysanthemums to decorate the ship. Foreign influences are strong in the Japanese Navy, partly because the Japs copy practically everything and partly because the personnel used to be trained principally by foreign officers. (Everybody used to think the Japs' Navy was cute and should be encouraged.) Officers and men habitually use British seagoing slang, and the seamen's uniform is based on the British, with an adaptation of the French sailor's flat hat. Officers attend formal affairs in kimonos. Of the three shipboard meals, two are usually served European style, one Japanese. The Japanese are unfit for long service aboard small boats, for if they don't have enough water to bathe twice a day, they get all sorts of skin diseases. Rivalry between the Japanese Army and Navy is bitter, and there have been cases of one flatly refusing to go to the other's aid during actual engagements. In the Japanese version of the Articles of War, there are two hundred kinds of misconduct punishable by death, as opposed to fourteen in the United States Navy. There are so many officers that it's hard to give them all enough sea duty, and some captains and admirals have had no more than a year at sea in their entire career. There are standing orders in the Japanese Navy that no ship may surrender or take flight from an enemy, but something has gone wrong with that tradition during the last year or so.

Sympathy

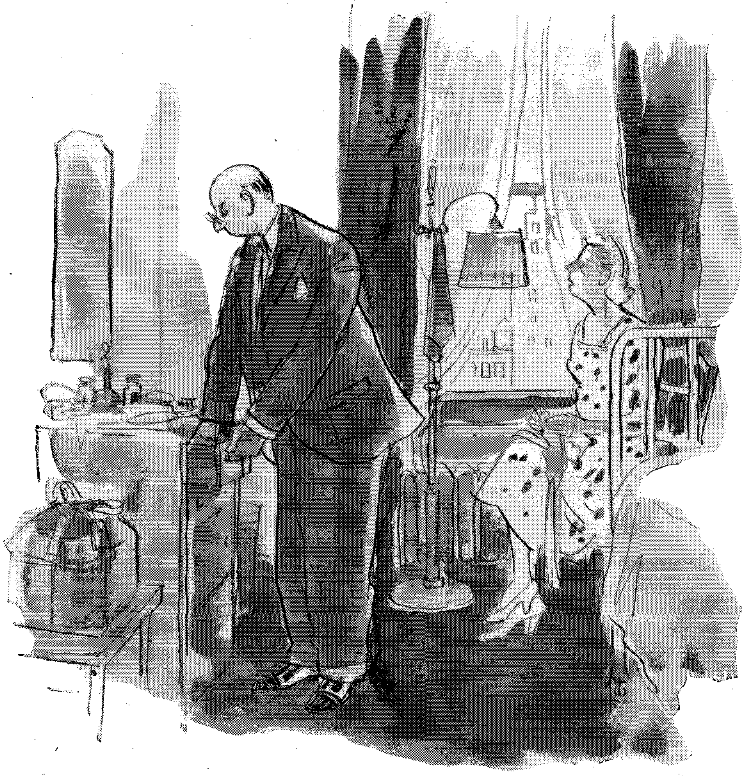
STRANGE fancies come to lonely men sitting in bars late at night. We know of one, for instance, who decided to call up his estranged wife, out on Long Island, just to tell her that there were no hard feelings. It turned out, however, that there *were* some hard feelings, and the lady's recital of them took so much time that the operator was forced to cut in with her "Your five minutes are up. Signal when through, please." When his wife had finally hung up, the man signalled the operator and asked what he owed on the extra time. "Oh, let it go," she sighed. "I couldn't charge you for a call like that."



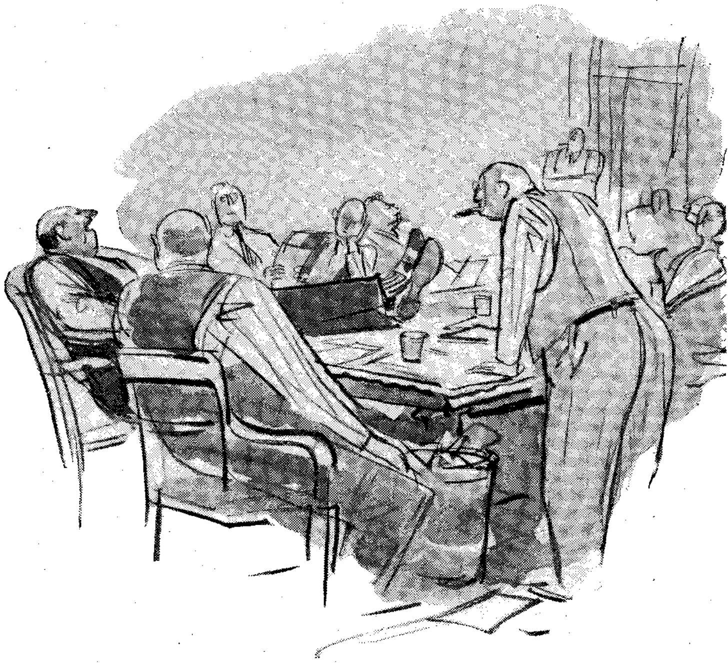
"Can you wrap it as a gift?"



"I'm sorry, the Senator is resting. He's been in caucus all afternoon."

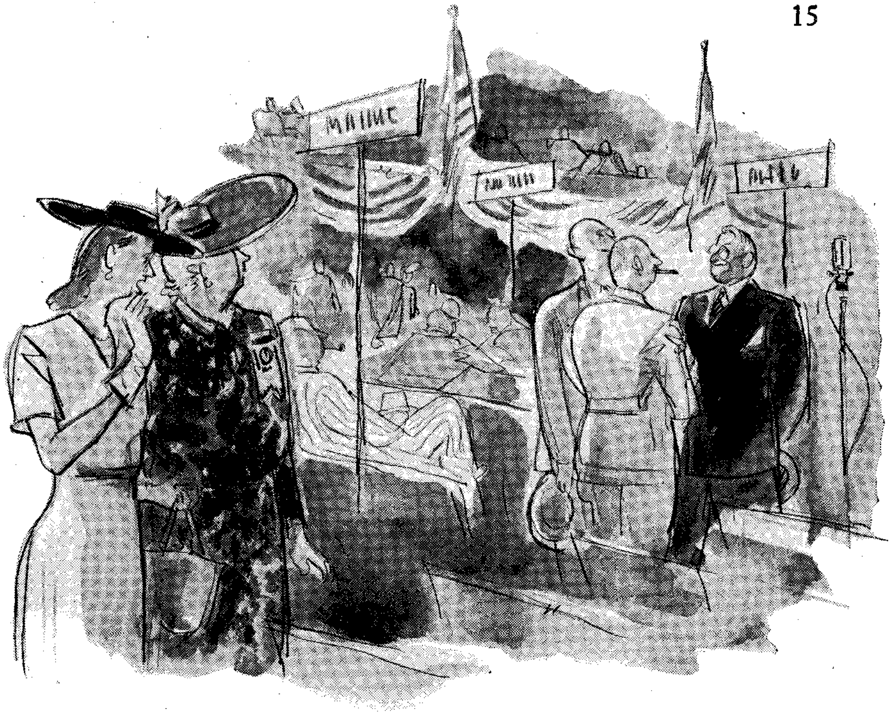


"Harold, you can't escort the permanent chairman to the platform in that wrinkled suit."

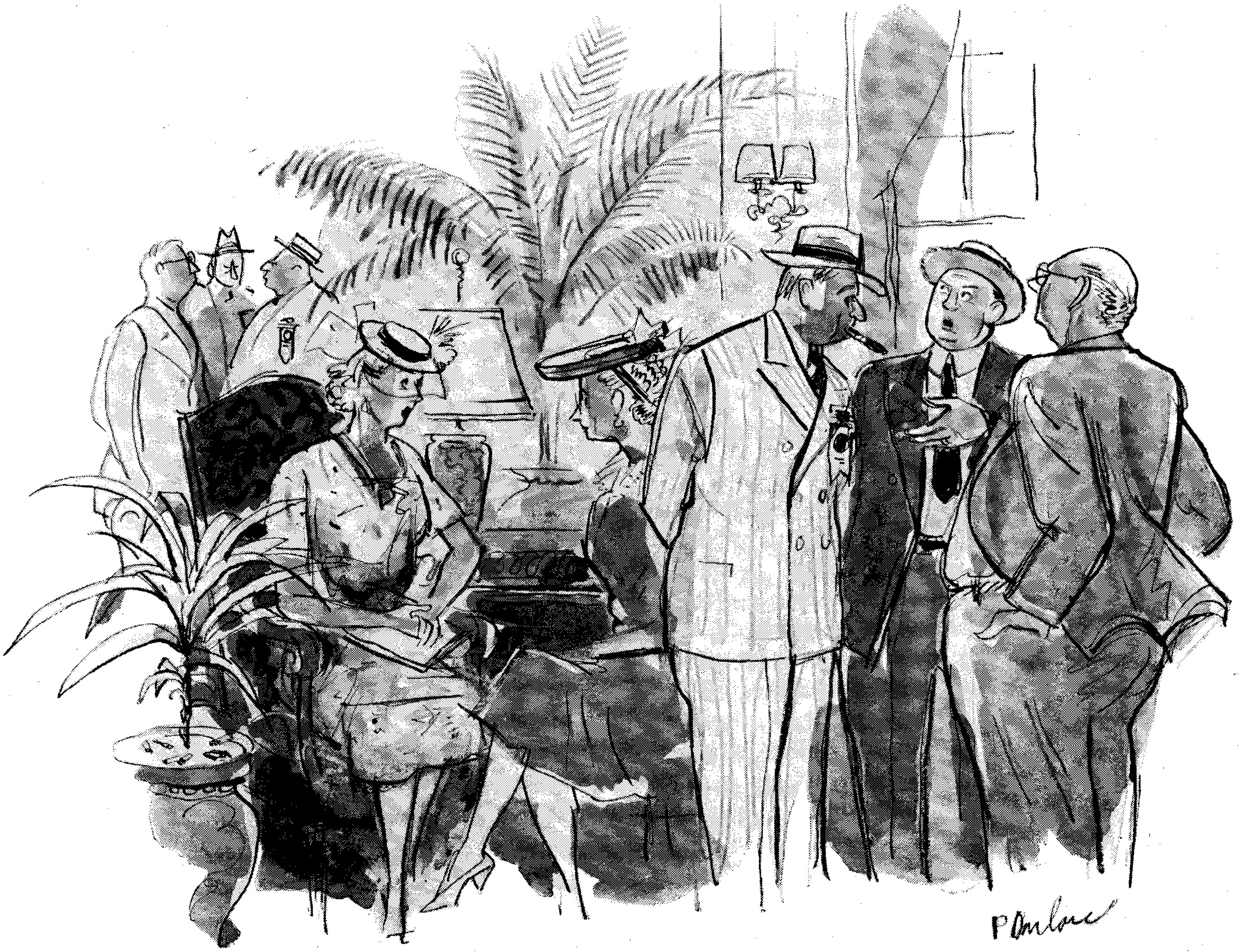


"You fellows know I been dead set against foreign entanglements all my life, but if you want to come out for international coöperation in a general way you can count on me to string along."

NATIONAL CONVENTION



"Isn't that the governor or senator or something who made that lovely speech in 1936?"

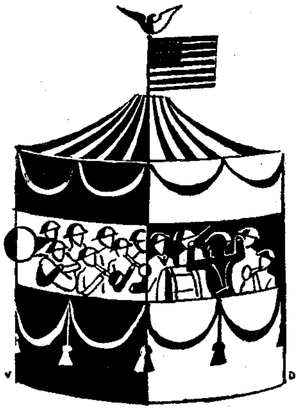


"It's a tough situation. There's no use offering anybody jobs because everybody has a job."

ASSISTANT CROUPIER

THE sun never shines for a nightclub musician. When I worked in the *boîtes de nuit* and music halls of Paris, in the cold, damp winter of 1929, I didn't see the sun for three months. I came back from work in the dismal darkness before dawn, when no one but the sullen old street cleaners were around and the gaiety of another Parisian night was being swept into the gutter. I slept all daylong and left my hotel at supper time. The street lights were already reflected in the pools on the sidewalks, and I still felt tired. Possibly there was some life going on in Montmartre during the day, but all I knew were the night-shift people—the waiters at Dupont's coming to work at 7 P.M., the magnificently clad doormen of the Pigalle restaurants, the night policemen, and the busy little girls, their high heels clicking a *staccato d'amore* on the asphalt of the Boulevard de Clichy.

One morning toward spring I had to get up at eleven to have my *carte d'identité* renewed at the Préfecture de Police. Montmartre seemed a strangely alien place. The bartender at Dupont's put sugar in my coffee, which none of the night men would have done; the women on the Boulevard de Clichy were dull little housewives, carrying yards of white bread and fresh vegetables in their market baskets; the cafés, *boîtes*, shooting galleries, and theatres seemed to have vanished overnight and in their stead there were *épiceries*, wine shops, a second-hand furniture store, a haberdasher, and a *bureau de postes*. A fine, thin rain soaked my overcoat and dripped from my hat brim, and of a sudden I became terribly sick for the sun. I went to the Préfecture and from there to the Café des Quat'z' Arts, the musicians' exchange, on the Boulevard de Clichy, where I had an interview with M. Delacorte, a slick-faced, prosperous man from the Midi who was reportedly hiring musicians for the orchestra of the Casino de la Jetée in Nice. The next day, after a short audition at M. Delacorte's office, I was hired as a first violinist, at two thousand francs a month. My salary was to start upon my arrival in Nice, but Delacorte wanted his ten-per-cent commission at once. I convinced him, after an unpleasant quarter hour, that I needed most of my money for my travelling expenses and he agreed to accept a down payment of fifty francs instead of the whole two hundred.



THE skies over Nice looked even more azure than in the travel folders, and little highlights were dancing on top of the Mediterranean, for the benefit of the promenade photographers. The Promenade des Anglais was bathed in glaring white sunlight. At the Casino de la Jetée, I was informed by M. Michel, a swarthy, choleric, flat-footed man, that I would not get the promised job. There had been a change of conductors a few days before and M. Delacorte had acted without authority. M. Michel casually introduced himself as the new conductor and said that he had already filled all vacancies with his own men.

I threatened to bring this episode to the attention of the Syndicat des Musiciens. At that M. Michel shifted into friendly gear and invited me to give an audition, which turned out so well that he asked me to appear as soloist with the Jetée orchestra at the next *concert symphonique*. We agreed on the Mendelssohn violin concerto. The remuneration would be "nominal," M. Michel said apologetically, a mere five hundred francs, but think of the prestige! As an afterthought, he assured me that my picture would be printed on all the *affiches*. I spent the next few days practicing the concerto, rehearsing at the Jetée, and wandering through the sunny streets of Nice looking at my *affiches:* CONCERT SYMPHONIQUE, *Soliste:* M. JOSEPH WECHSBERG (Prix de Prague). The notices also carried my picture, but it couldn't have been very good, since no one recognized me, though I spent a good deal of time standing casually juxtaposed to it. The Prix de Prague was an invention of M. Michel, who was not in the least apologetic. "You've got to have a Prix," he said. "*Absolument!*"

I lived in a little room in the apartment of a Mr. Zapletal, in the old Riquier district. Zapletal was a croupier at the Casino Municipal, on the Place Masséna; I had met him through a croupier at the Jetée. He was Czechoslovak—as I was myself in those days—an anemic, sickly man in his fifties, thin as a tailor in a Wilhelm Busch drawing, and he always wore clothes two sizes too large, so you were constantly worried lest he fall out of his suit at the slightest provocation. His face was pale and all bones, and his eyes were deep-set. He lived on the Côte on account of his lungs; at night he was often shaken by a soft, dry cough. He ate his meals in a little restaurant near the Place Garibaldi, where a Czech cook made him his favorite Czech dishes. After *déjeuner* he ordered four *koláče*, the famous Czech raised-dough cakes, filled with cottage cheese or with *povidla* (plum marmalade), which he took home and ate at night when he came back from work at the Casino. My room was small and very cold, since it had a stone floor and no heat whatsoever, but my landlord made up for these shortcomings by sharing with me the strong, thick coffee which he brewed every night, and his *koláče.*

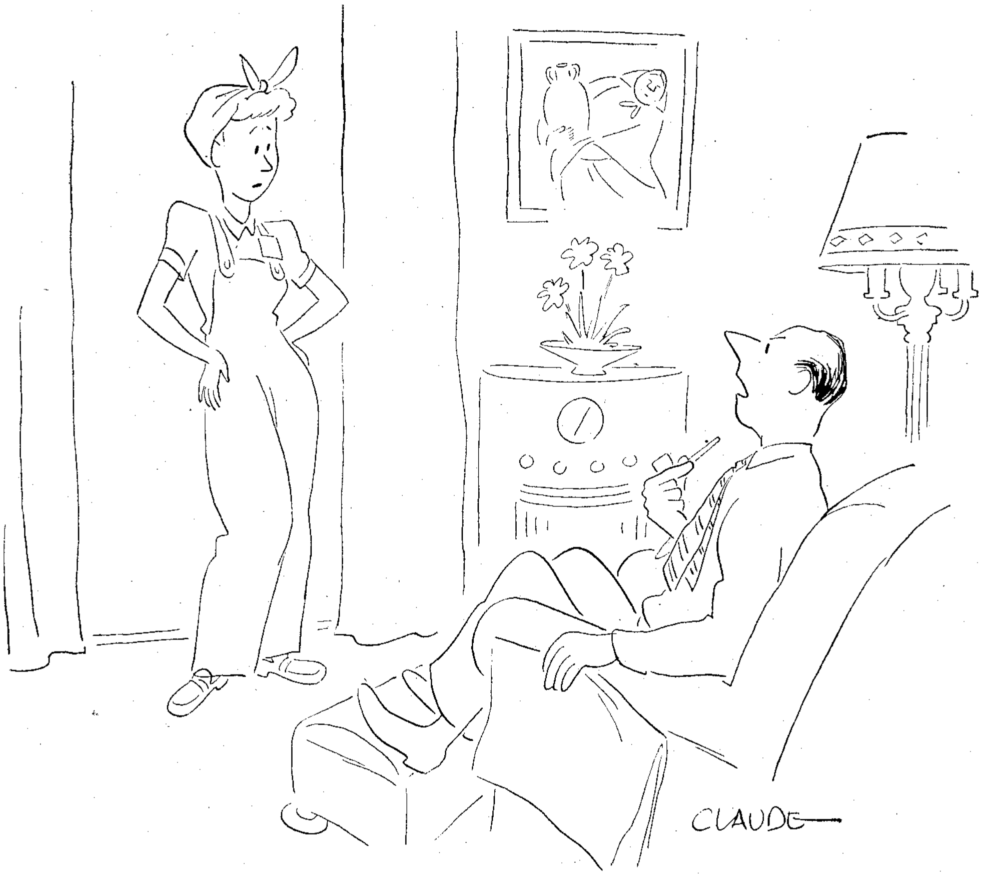
Zapletal hated being a croupier. His favorite avocation was interpreting his and other people's dreams. He spent hours studying the "Old Egyptian Dream Book, edited and translated by Jar. Voženílek," a bulky, dusty, worm-eaten volume which interpreted the most unaccountable dreams and night visions. He was in constant demand among his fellow-croupiers' wives, whose dreams of dirty water, babies, fire (bright flames), and smoke he interpreted as meaning, respectively, trouble, malicious gossip, joy, and sickness. On the night before my concert at the Jetée, Zapletal dreamed of a blond girl sitting on the beach, and woke me up in the middle of the night to tell me that, according to the dream book, a blonde in a bathing suit meant "hope for successful achievement."

ZAPLETAL made far-reaching arrangements, which involved changing practically all the croupiers' schedules at the Casino Municipal, so he could get the evening of my concert off and hear me. He accompanied me to the Jetée and went down to his front-row seat, which he had bought a few days before. The Casino de la Jetée, a hideous, parvenu structure, was built out over the sea on steel piles. It had a large music hall, with a stage for theatre and concert performances, and a number of dining rooms, terraces, galleries, and gaming rooms. The audience consisted of hard-of-hearing old ladies, *Niçoises* who came to play *boule* there because the admission fee was only three francs, and bewildered tourists who didn't know a better place to go. On the afternoon of the *concert symphonique*, there had been a ballet performance of "Scheherazade" by a group of exiles from the St. Petersburg Opera. Toward the end of the ballet the antediluvian backstage machinery and the footlights switchboard had broken down and "Scheherazade" had wound up in mystic Arabian darkness. By eight-thirty, when the symphony concert was to begin, the stage lights still weren't fixed. The electrician hadn't returned from his *dîner*, which, all Frenchmen present agreed, was more important than a few silly stage lights. M. Michel decided that the orchestra would remain in the pit, where the lights were functioning, and that I would play standing on the edge of the stage, my feet almost touching his head. The solo flutist and one of the viola players, who were amateur electricians, set up three powerful lamps in the orchestra pit, tilted so that their beams were thrown up at me. When I came out on the stage there was a frightened hush and two ladies with young children made a hasty exit. Later the members of the orchestra told me that the powerful lights shining upon me from below had made my face appear contorted into a ghastly grimace. One of them said that with deep shadows under my eyes, my teeth eerily illuminated, and a violin under my chin, I looked like a perfect facsimile of the Phantom of the Opera. As I played, my super-dimensional shadow danced in grotesque leaps on the backdrops.

Nobody had bothered to put away the "Scheherazade" scenery, so I played the Mendelssohn concerto standing in a sultry, exotic harem, amidst Oriental pillows, Persian rugs, and large, voluptuous divans. I had a tough time keeping up with the orchestra, which I could hardly hear, it being far below, but M. Michel did an excellent job of holding us all together, and the impression on the audience seemed to be satisfactory. There was warm applause at the end, and the violinists in the pit tapped the backs of their instruments with their bows. M. Michel smiled and beckoned me to play Sarasate's "Romance Andalouse," which I had optimistically been working on for an encore.

Backstage, after the performance, M. Michel embraced me and took me to his room, where he made me sit down in a chair which, he said, had been occupied by Rachmaninov, Kreisler, and Casals. A number of people were already there, and a few members of the orchestra dropped in to shake hands with me. Zapletal also came in, very happy and excited. Being a croupier, he knew everybody on the Côte, and he presented me to the music critic of the *Eclaireur de Nice et du Sud-Ouest*, a compact, bald, intense man chewing a dead cigarette. The critic coolly ignored M. Michel and said to me, "*C'était excellent. Vous avez un beau violon.*" He asked me whether it was insured by Lloyd's and seemed disappointed when I said it wasn't insured at all. He inquired whether Prague was the capital of la Yougoslavie and made notes on a grease-stained menu. At the end of the interview, the music critic said, "Any quotation?" I said I thought that the orchestra under M. Michel had done a fine job. The music critic shrugged indifferently and walked out without saying goodbye, and Michel said, "*Espèce de salaud.*"

A little later, there was a commotion at the door, and a girl and a man came in. The girl, blond, cool, and bored to death, looked as though she had just walked out of the latest copy of *Harper's Bazaar.* Her first name was Diana and she was from New York. Michel introduced her to me as "our ice-cream queen." "Every day thirty million *Américains* eat her father's ice cream," he said. The girl smiled and said, "Thirty-three million, my dear Michel," and went over to shake hands with Zapletal, who looked flustered. The girl's companion was a tall, urbane fellow, with oily black hair, bushy eyebrows, and long hands, which he threw around like a tenor singing a Verdi aria. He had the face of a handsome seal and in his right eye carried a monocle which he dropped casually into his hand every time he started to speak. He wore the resplendent uniform of a captain of the Hungarian hussars—red trousers, blue dolman, and shining black boots. He said, "Magnificent, *Meister!* Zee second movement was magnificent; zank you very moch." He had a thick, singing Hungarian accent and the condescending smile of a country squire addressing his chief forester. "It seems to me zat I heard you a few months ago at zee Grosser Konzerthaussaal in Vienna, or was it in Paris?" Without waiting for me to answer, he bowed deeply over the girl's hand and kissed her finger



"*But you just bought a new pair of overalls last week!*"

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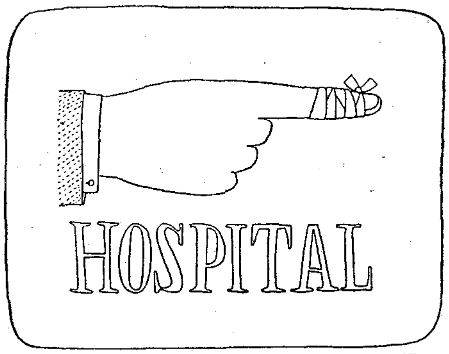
tips with old-world grandezza. "You look great tonight, *drágám* [darling]," he said. He was Baron Kallay Lászlo. Somewhere I had read that he was the only Hungarian on the Côte d'Azur who hated paprika schnitzel, paprika chicken, stuffed paprika, and paprika in any other form.

The Baron stepped to the door, put the second and third fingers of his left hand into his mouth, and produced a shrill whistle. A small man with the face of a rejuvenated Disney dwarf came in. He wore a light-gray chauffeur's uniform and carried a silver bucket containing a bottle of champagne in one hand and a tray with glasses in the other. "A little celebration, my friends," the Baron said. "From my own winery in beautiful Hungary. Zank you very moch." He filled the glasses and gallantly kissed the girl's hand again. "To your continued success, *Meister*," he said to me. "*Prosit!* Let's drink *pertu* and be brothers!" We linked arms and drained our glasses, which meant that from then on we would address each other by the brotherly "thou." The Baron said "*Szervusz!*" and I said "*Szervusz*," *faute de mieux*. Zapletal didn't drink. He smiled at the girl, bowed stiffly, and walked out of the room.

Later that night, when I came home after the "little celebration," Zapletal explained his brusque attitude. He disapproved of the Baron. Through his private intelligence system of fellow-croupiers, waiters, chauffeurs, *agents de police*, and washroom attendants, Zapletal knew that the Baron was in debt and persona non grata at the Cercle Privé of the Casino in Monte Carlo; that he had moved into a suite at the Ruhl, on the same floor as the ice-cream queen; that he had brought with him seven uniforms, some no longer in use by the Hungarian Army; that he changed his clothes three to four times a day; and that he dyed his hair. He was always accompanied by the dwarf-like man, his combination valet-chauffeur-nursemaid, who was called Hercules by the Ruhl people after they discovered that he carried the Baron's two hundred and thirty pounds upstairs, on his shoulders, whenever the Baron was drunk and unable to proceed under his own power. After putting his master to bed, Hercules would take some bills out of the Baron's pockets and go out and get drunk himself, whereupon he would get into a fight with Larrabée, the Ruhl's night watchman, a husky, macabre fellow who always beat him up and threatened to kill the "small, half-crunched bedbug."

It was no secret to Zapletal or anybody else that the Baron was trying hard to sweep the ice-cream queen off her feet. Every evening he came to the Casino Municipal with Diana. Three steps to the rear and one to the left walked Hercules, carrying Diana's sable coat and his master's magnificent *tóga*. The couple sat down at Zapletal's table and the Baron played his five-franc stakes with the casual grandeur of a man who has his yacht waiting in the harbor of Monaco and can afford to lose half a million francs in a single night. He never dropped a tip in the croupier's slot. "He's a fake," said Zapletal, who was usually reserved in his judgment of people. "He's after her money. As soon as he gets his future father-in-law to give him a down payment on the dower, he'll beat up his wife and spend his evenings out with a second-rate chorus girl. Diana's too good for him." He shrugged. "I tried to warn her. I met her on the Promenade des Anglais this morning, and she told me that last night she dreamed she was being married to the Hungarian. I told her that a wedding ceremony means bad luck in love. But she just kept sighing and saying, 'He's so sweet.' " Zapletal sighed, and abruptly uttered a Czech curse. I couldn't help suspecting that he himself was in love with the ice-cream queen. He sighed again and resumed reading the "Old Egyptian Dream Book."

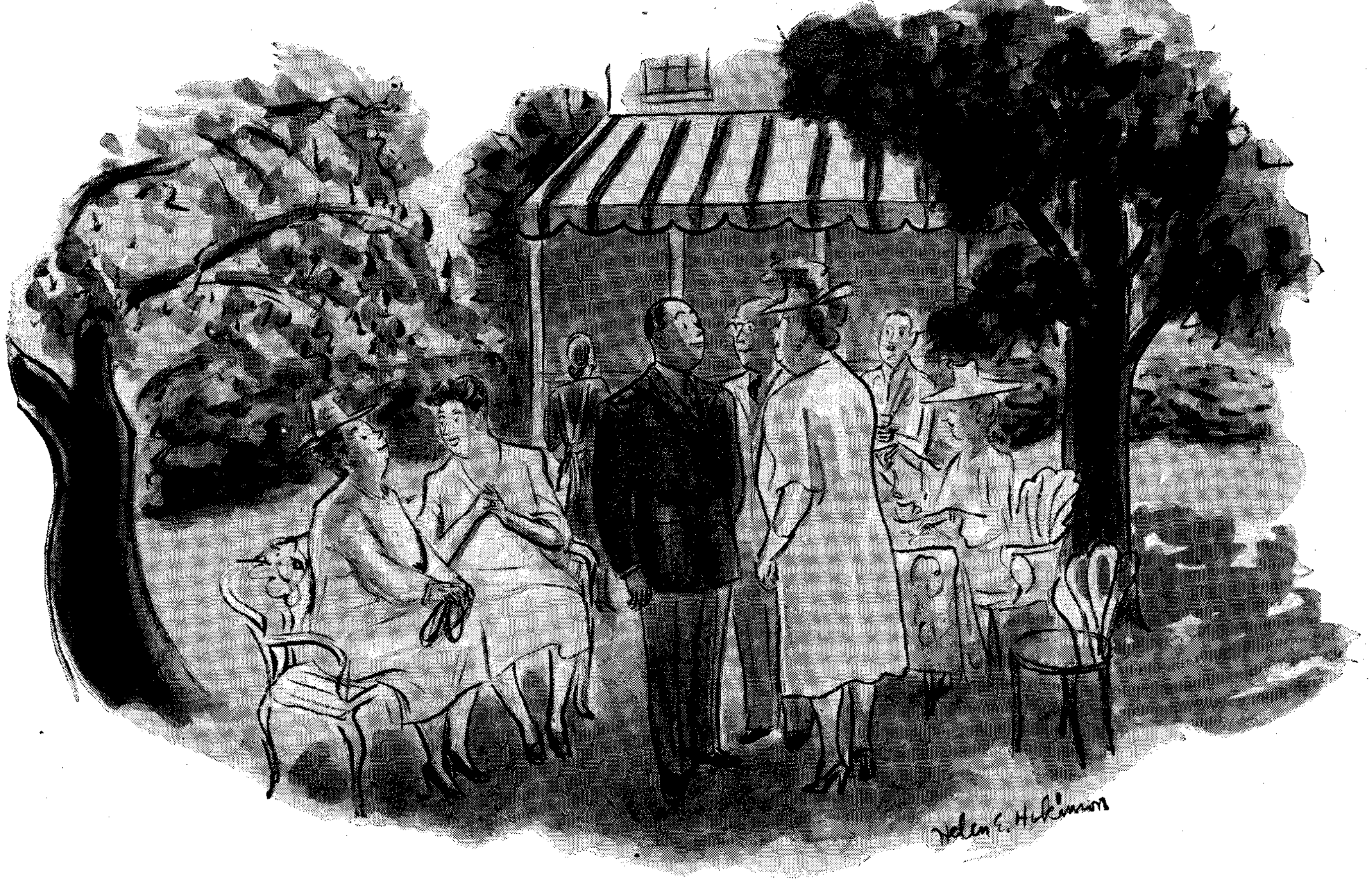
AT that time the *salles de jeux* of the Casino Municipal had ten or twelve *boule* tables and several roulette tables. Unlike the casino at Monte Carlo, where there was a croupier on each side of the wheel and one at each end of the table, and a *chef* croupier on a high chair behind the wheel croupiers, at the Casino Municipal each table had only one croupier, who spun the wheel and paid out the winnings, and an assistant croupier at the other end of the table. The tables were supervised by a *chef* croupier. The minimum stake of one franc (then four cents) and the small admission fee made the Municipal a poor man's Monte Carlo.



One afternoon shortly after my concert performance, Zapletal called me up at home and asked me to join him at the croupiers' room at the Casino, telling me that a wave of influenza had severely cut down the Casino's operating staff and offering me a temporary job as assistant croupier. He said that my "character" had already been investigated secretly by the Casino's *agents* and that a few minutes' instruction in psychology was all I needed. I would, of course, get a smaller salary than the French croupiers, but that was nothing unusual.

I needed a job, since the concert had not brought any offer from a local impresario, so I went over to the Casino and met Zapletal. "Don't worry about your duties," he said. "We'll tell you everything in a few words. You have the solid, serious look that is all-important, you own a double-breasted blue suit, and the *directeur s'en fiche*, and, besides, the *controlleurs* have the grippe, too." I said that my arithmetic began and ended with the multiplication table, but Zapletal shrugged impatiently and took me to the *chef* croupier, a fish-eyed man with a large skull and a black Lenin beard, who X-rayed me with his eyes and proceeded to give me a blitz course in how to be a croupier. "Never observe the players' hands; always observe their faces," the *chef* croupier said. "Try to look polite, yet forbidding. The assistant croupier is there merely to frighten people." Finally, he taught me some of the finger signals between croupier and assistant croupier. Right-hand thumb touching the forefinger meant "O.K." Left forefinger pointed down, "Caution." Small finger of left hand pointed toward a player, "Watch this person." And so on. The signs were changed every month because it took the players only that long to catch on.

For over a week I worked at Zapletal's roulette table as assistant croupier, helping the players make their bets, discouraging them from trying to claim other people's money, and, in general, looking "polite, yet forbidding." Two frequent guests at our table were the Hungarian Baron and the ice-cream queen. The Baron never bothered to recognize me, though we had drunk *pertu* and were supposed to be brothers. He played a cautious game, staking five-franc *jetons*, intermittently kissing the girl's hands and murmuring "*Drágám.*" I could hear Zapletal sigh



"His face looks so rested since he's been made a major and doesn't have to think so much."

• •

as he said, "*Messieurs, faites vos jeux*."

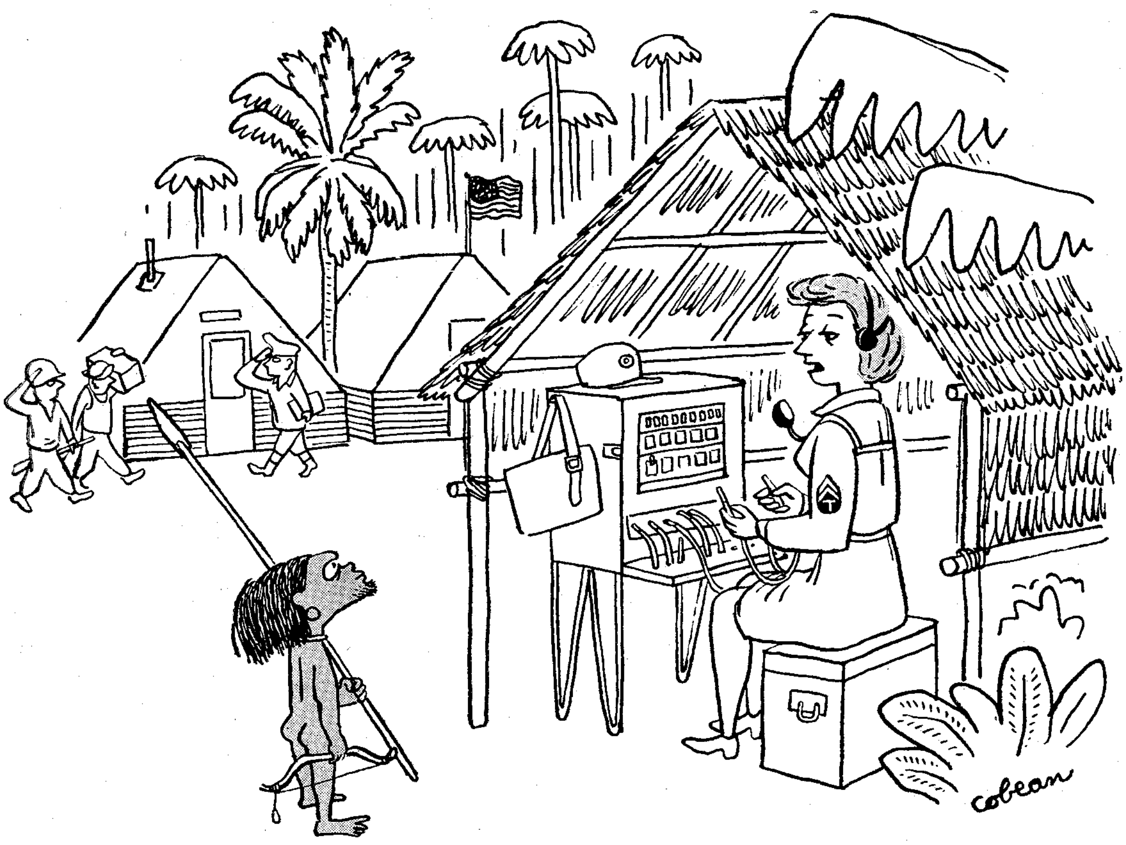
My own private damnation was a fat, muscular woman of forty-five, who appeared every night at eight and for two hours did a tightrope walk on my nerves. She looked like the yelling ladies who flutter across the stage in the third act of "Die Walküre." She had enormous arms, rough, pointed elbows, and, from the side, resembled a lobster. She carried a heavy black parasol, which she used to shove her stakes all over the table. She always occupied the chair next to where I stood and before every stake pinched my arm or pushed her elbow between my ribs in order to get my undivided attention for her bets. Once, in Monte Carlo, she had been cheated out of a winning by a croupier's oversight and she was determined that no such thing would ever happen again. She played in a confusing fashion on *quatre premiers*, 0, 1, 2, 3, *milieu*, the second dozen, *en plein*, and single numbers.

All, however, went well until one evening when the Baron and the ice-cream queen sat down next to the lobster woman. The Baron smelled of brandy and kissed the girl's bare shoulder from time to time. He was in a splendid mood and made a few caustic remarks about the lobster woman. The ice-cream queen giggled and the lobster woman became red with anger. She seized her parasol and put it menacingly between herself and the Baron. Two English ladies of the rural tea-room variety looked frightened and got up. Zapletal pointed his left forefinger toward the table, meaning "Be on your guard!"

The lobster woman staked five francs *à cheval*, on the line between 16 and 17. The Baron took a five-franc *jeton* and placed it on the same line, next to the lobster woman's, ignoring her venomous glance. They lost, and the lobster woman made another bet *à cheval*, this time on the 11-12 line, followed again by the Baron. They lost again. It is a common superstition among roulette players that being aped brings bad luck. "Some people here need a nursemaid to make up their minds," the lobster woman said to me in a loud voice. The ice-cream queen giggled and the Baron deftly dropped his monocle into his hand. I caught another warning signal from Zapletal and began to get nervous.

The lobster woman now began to play an elaborate, bewildering game, making simultaneous bets on *passe*, *impair*, *rouge*, *en carré* (four numbers), and *en plein*, apparently trying hard to confuse the Baron and shake him off, but he was on the alert, staking his *jetons* right and left next to hers. Other people stopped playing and crowded behind the lobster woman's chair. In a last-ditch attempt to outsmart the Baron, she finally resorted to illegal tactics. She placed her stakes and then, when the *croupier* said "*Rien ne va plus*," she shoved her *jetons* to a nearby number. The Baron was just a split second behind her in moving his *jetons*. The ice-cream queen's face had the catlike, intense expression which you sometimes find on women watching the last round of a prizefight. I was seized by a panicky feeling of approaching doom.

On the next spin of the wheel the lobster woman staked five francs on the line between 8 and 9, followed, as usual, by the Baron. As Zapletal said "*Rien ne va plus*," the lobster woman, with an almost imperceptible movement of her right elbow, shoved her *jeton* over to the 11-12 line. The Baron's



"Have you an appointment?"

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stake remained on the line between 8 and 9. A few seconds later the ball stopped rolling and fell down into the Number 9 compartment. Zapletal raked in all losses, murmuring, *"Neuf, rouge, impair, et manque."* He counted out eighty-five francs, seventeen times the stake, and shoved the money over to the lobster woman. Before I could say that it was the Baron's, not the woman's, *jeton* that had been on Number 9, she seized the money. The Baron jumped up. "Zat money belongs to me," he said. "Zat was my bet on nine."

A hush fell over the table. Two *petites Niçoises* exclaimed in delight, sensing a scandal. The lobster woman took her parasol and brought it down hard on the Baron's fingers when he reached for the money. "Don't you dare!" she yelled. "He gave it to me!"

On the Baron's forehead the veins began to show. The ice-cream queen, a frightened expression on her face, tugged at his sleeve, but he was in no chivalrous mood and brusquely pushed her away. "I'll take zis money, *kérem szépen,*" he said, with cold determination. "I'll take it if it's zee last zing I do. Zank you very moch."

The ice-cream queen said "László, *please!*" but he gave an impatient shrug without bothering to look at her.

There was a strange gleam in Zapletal's eyes as he said, "Remove your hands, Monsieur. Madame's bet was correct."

The Baron uttered what sounded like the descendant of a long and lurid line of Hungarian curses and his face took on the color of a salmon. The American girl leaned over and whispered something to him, and he turned to her violently and said "Shut up!" The hot fighting blood of the fast-riding, paprika-loving kings of the Magyar steppe was racing through his veins. The ice-cream queen said "László, stop that nonsense!" and when he didn't bother to answer, she got up, took her sable coat, and departed. He didn't look after her. He was staring like a madman at the lobster woman's hand covering the *jetons.* Zapletal's voice sounded triumphant as he said to me, "Please verify Madame's winning, Monsieur." He held the middle finger of his right hand down, the sign for "Back me up." I suddenly felt a lump blocking my throat which prevented me from speaking. I hated myself, but all I could do was nod toward the Baron, indicating my belief that he was the winner.

The lobster woman uttered a short, catlike, high-pitched snarl. The Baron reached out for the money. The rest was what the Casino would shrug off as "regrettable incidents of no consequence" and no newspaper anywhere along the Côte would ever mention, not excluding the always well-informed *Eclaireur de Nice et du Sud-Ouest.* In the ensuing scramble, the lobster woman's parasol was broken, the Baron lost his monocle, and Hercules had to be knocked down by the Casino guards. Zapletal was shifted to another table, and I was dismissed by the *chef* croupier, before I had a chance to hand in my resignation, and ordered to leave the *salles de jeux.*

ZAPLETAL came home late that night. He looked tired but very happy. He whistled as he put on the water for the coffee and took out the *koláče.* "I spoke to Diana in the lobby of the Ruhl," he said. "She leaves tomorrow. *Alone.* She was a little heartbroken, but she will forget. The sooner she learns the facts of life, the better for her." When the coffee was ready, he cautiously poured two cups and smiled. His thumb touched the forefinger of his right hand, the sign for *"Tout va bien,"* or "O.K."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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NIGHT PIECE: IN THE COUNTRY

The great tree moves in its sleep,
And moonlight pours around
The white boards of the house
And the gray-looking ground;
The great tree moves in its sleep,
And lunar shadows, slowly,
Wheel, extend, and creep,
While silence, pure and deep,
Breathes *Holy, Holy, Holy,*
And *Hush, oh Hush,*
So the sleeper may not hear
The usual rain and rush,
The motes of casual sound
In the unconscious ear,
But deeper under than ever
In the cool, blue room
Slumber; or, if he seems
To stir, he is turning over
Only, so to resume
Knowing the healing dreams.

—ROLFE HUMPHRIES

GRIEVANCE AT NOON

RAIN and mist and fog had been billowing around the summer cottage so long that no one could remember how many days had elapsed since clear weather, and even the hours of the day were now merged, fluid, and without individual significance. White waves of fog roamed through the wide porch that ran all the way across the front of the cottage; rain in uneven gusts beat on the roof, and all the bedrooms had double boilers and saucepans and decorated toy sand pails placed under leaking cracks. Mr. Findlay sat on the end of his spine in a wicker chair by a window in the living room, his feet on the rungs of the desk chair, a battered 1940 *World Almanac* perched on his belt buckle. Mrs. Findlay, on the couch, yawned over a novel she had read at just about this time the summer before.

"The monthly mean precipitation in July, 1939, in Seattle was zero point six," Mr. Findlay said. "But in New York in July in 1904, it was four point thirty-one."

"Nnh," said Mrs. Findlay after a minute, and added, "I wasn't born."

The stairway mounted along one wall of the living room. Upstairs the children thundered about on the bare wooden floor, occasionally colliding with one of the receptacles set out to catch rainwater. Part of the time they were uproarious with laughter and part of the time their voices, starting low, rocketed to a quick rage, but this had gone on so long that now it was all one to Mr. and Mrs. Findlay downstairs.

"There are two thousand, four hundred and fifty-four drugstores in Illinois *with* soda fountains," Mr. Findlay said, "and eleven hundred and twenty-four *without* soda fountains, but only forty-six luggage shops, so what are we to deduce from that?" This time Mrs. Findlay didn't answer.

Adam, who was seven, came slowly down the stairs. He was very neat in navy-blue corduroy overalls and jersey. His navy-blue beret completely covered his hair. "I am a fireman," he announced to his parents. "See my distinguisher?" and he exhibited his apparatus. A red enema bag was slung across his back, and around and under one arm was coiled the red rubber tubing. "And then I just whip it off and aim, when needed," he said, suiting the action to the word.

"Mm-mn," both Mr. and Mrs. Findlay said, and went on reading. Adam sidled up to his father. "Do you want to hear a funny story?" he asked. "They just told it to me upstairs. Do you want to?"

"What?" said Mr. Findlay with no inflection at all.

"Do you want to hear it? Well, it was about this parrot an Englishman had and his name was Fluenza. Well, the Englishman wanted to bring this parrot into America with him, but he couldn't because they don't let parrots—"

Mr. Findlay looked up from his almanac and smiled. "You mean the parrot's name was *Enza*, don't you?"

"No, his name was *Flu*enza. I know. Well, this man—"

Mrs. Findlay laid aside her book. "Enza, darling. I'm almost sure."

"No it wasn't! You don't know this story." Adam's brows drew together. "His name was Fluenza. And he couldn't be carried into this country because—"

"Now, look." Mr. Findlay carefully placed his almanac face down on his stomach. "Just think a minute, old man. Think ahead to the point of your story. If the parrot—"

"His name was *Fluenza!*" Adam shouted, and stamped one dark-blue sneaker. "You don't know what's coming in the story!" He glared at his parents and a storm gathered behind his eyes. "Why don't you listen nicely?" he shouted again. "You've gone and spoiled it. Now I can't tell it." Large tears sprang from his eyes and dripped on the cottage floor. The rain drummed suddenly louder on the roof and a gust of fog blew in through the screen door.

"Oh, Adam, no. We haven't spoiled it," Mrs. Findlay said contritely. "Really, we want to hear it."

"Go ahead," Mr. Findlay said, and, as an earnest of his attention, shut the almanac. "I promise not to interrupt again. It's just that—" Over the blue beret Mrs. Findlay shook her head at him.

"Well . . ." Adam remained suspicious. "Well, if you would only just listen."

"We *are* listening," his mother said.

"Well," Adam began again, with tears still welling up on his lashes, "there was this parrot—" He saw the instantaneous, irrepressible laughter in his father's eyes and burst into a wordless roar. He threw down his fire-fighting apparatus and dashed past them out the screen door and onto the fogbound porch.

"Oh, come on in," Mrs. Findlay called, but he did not come. "Luncheon's ready," Mrs. Findlay said. "Edna is pouring the water." There was no response, except that out on the invisible porch they could hear a sudden angry hand setting the row of empty wooden rocking chairs to rocking wildly. They called the rest of the children downstairs and gathered around the table at the far end of the living room. The cottage had no dining room.

"Shall I pull him in?" Mr. Findlay asked loudly, but at that there was such a snort from outside that Mrs. Findlay advised against it.

THE family began to eat and to discuss the weather. Mr. Findlay gave them a few facts gleaned from his morning's reading. They wondered if the rain was going to go on forever, or anyway for all of July. They speculated on whether it would still be raining when school started again in September. No sound came from the porch, but they could all feel an alert, unfriendly presence brooding there. Soon one of the children whispered, and they looked up just in time to see a grim face vanishing from one of the windows overlooking the porch. They kept watching, and in a minute the same countenance, set and pale under its beret, appeared at a nearer window. They smiled at it and it disappeared at once. They became conscious of a continuous, low, angry undercurrent of unintelligible words from out of the fog, and presently the face appeared at a much nearer window and stared in at the plate of chicken and rice that steamed before the empty chair. There was no sign of recognition in the face, no indication that its owner had ever before encountered any of the people within. The face scowled at them and slowly withdrew.

After a long time the screen door squeaked and opened half an inch.

"I *may* come in," a voice murmured gloomily. But don't depend on it, the tone implied.

No one urged him. The coarsely complacent group feeding about the table went on talking. By imperceptible degrees the screen door was opened just enough to let in, sideways, a narrow, dark-blue figure. Adam arrived slowly at his place.

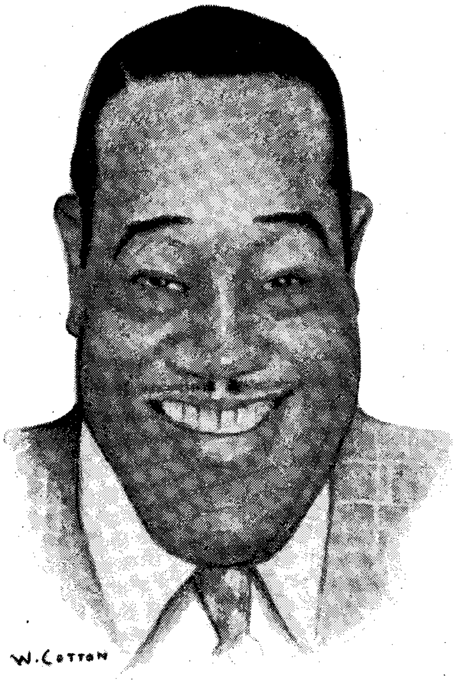
"The almanac says," Mr. Findlay announced, reaching for the jelly, "that the Simplon tunnel between Italy and Switzerland, first opened to the public in 1905, is twelve miles long."

"Good God!" Adam cried, and flung himself into his chair. All at once completely restored, he picked up knife and fork. "Twelve *miles?*" His beret slipped to the back of his head, peace settled on his wide brow, and he began to eat.

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

PROFILES

THE HOT BACH—II



Duke Ellington

THERE are times when Duke Ellington exudes such calm contentment that a colleague, under the influence of the benign radiation, once murmured drowsily, "Duke make me sleepy, like rain on the roof." His nerves and laughter are so loose and easy that members of his jazz band believe that they got that way because of his physical makeup rather than because of the quality of his spirit. "His pulse is so low he can't get excited," they explain. "His heart beat slower than an ordinary man's." Only something in the flow of the blood, they are sure, could explain a calm that has survived twenty-three years in the band business—years in which Duke and his seventeen-piece band have again and again clattered on tour from one end of the country to the other. Duke believes that his calm is an acquired characteristic, attained through practice, but whether acquired or inborn, it is his monumental placidity, which is only occasionally shattered, that enables Duke to compose much of his music in an atmosphere of strident confusion. Most composers, alone with their souls and their grand pianos, regard composition as a private activity. Often, when Duke is working out the details of a composition or an arrangement, the sixteen other members of his band not only are present but may even participate, and the occasion sometimes sounds like a political convention, sometimes like a zoo at feeding time. Ordinarily, Duke completes the melody and the basic arrangement of a composition before he tries it out on the band at a rehearsal; then, as he polishes, or "sets," the arrangement, he is likely to let the men in the band make suggestions in a creative free-for-all that has no counterpart anywhere in the world of jazz or classical music. Perhaps a musician will get up and say, "No, Duke! It just can't be that way!," and demonstrate on his instrument his conception of the phrase or bar under consideration. Often, too, this idea may outrage a colleague, who replies on *his* instrument with *his* conception, and the two players argue back and forth not with words but with blasts from trumpet or trombone. Duke, whom European music critics have called the American Bach, will resolve the debate by sitting down at his piano, perhaps taking something from each suggestion, perhaps modifying and reconciling the ideas of the two men, but always putting the Ellington stamp on the music before passing on to the next part of the work in progress. Duke sometimes quotes Bach. "As Bach says," he may remark, speaking about piano playing, "if you ain't got a left hand, you ain't worth a hoot in hell."

The band rarely works out an entire arrangement collectively, but when it does, the phenomenon is something that makes other musicians marvel. This collective arranging may take place anywhere—in a dance hall in Gary, Indiana, in an empty theatre in Mobile, or in a Broadway night club. It will usually be after a performance, at about three in the morning. Duke, sitting at his piano and facing his band, will play a new melody, perhaps, or possibly just an idea consisting of only eight bars. After playing the eight bars, he may say, "Now this is sad. It's about one guy sitting alone in his room in Harlem. He's waiting for his chick, but she doesn't show. He's got everything fixed for her." Duke sounds intent and absorbed. His tired band begins to sympathize with the waiting man in Harlem. "Two glasses of whiskey are on his little dresser before his bed," Duke says, and again plays the eight bars, which will be full of weird and mournful chords. Then he goes on to eight new bars. "He has one of those blue lights turned on in the gloom of his room," Duke says softly, "and he has a little pot of incense so it will smell nice for the chick." Again he plays the mournful chords, developing his melody. "But she doesn't show," he says, "she doesn't show. The guy just sits there, maybe an hour, hunched over on his bed, all alone." The melody is finished and it is time to work out an arrangement for it. Lawrence Brown rises with his trombone and gives out a compact, warm phrase. Duke shakes his head. "Lawrence, I want something like the treatment you gave in 'Awful Sad,' " he says. Brown amends his suggestion and in turn is amended by Tricky Sam Nanton, also a trombone, who puts a smear and a wa-wa lament on the phrase suggested by Brown. Juan Tizol, a third trombone, says, "I'd like to see a little retard on it." Duke may incorporate some variation of one of the suggestions. Then he'll say, "Come on, you guys. Get sincere. Come on down here, Floor Show"—he is addressing Ray Nance—"and talk to me with your trumpet." In a moment or so the air is hideous as trombone and clarinet, saxophone and trumpet clash, their players simultaneously trying variations on the theme. Johnny Hodges suggests a bar on his alto saxophone, serpentine, firm, and ingratiating, and tied closely to Duke's theme. Harry Carney, baritone sax, may say it is too virtuoso for the whole sax section and clean it up a little, making it simpler. "Come on, you guys. Let's play so far," Duke says. As the band plays in unison, the players stimulate one another and new qualities appear; an experienced ear can hear Rex Stewart, trumpet, take an idea from Brown and embellish it a bit and give it his own twist. Duke raises his hand and the band stops playing. "On that last part—" he says, "trumpets, put a little more top on it, willya?" He turns to Junior Raglin, the scowling bass player, and says, "Tie it way down, Junior, tie it way down." Again they play, and now the bray of the trumpets becomes bolder and more sure, the trombones more liquid and clearer, the saxophones mellower, and at the bottom there is the steady beat, beat, beat, beat, four to a bar, of the drums, bass, and guitar, and the precise, silvery notes of Ellington on the piano, all of it growing, developing, fitting closer together, until Duke suddenly halts them by shouting, "Too much trombone!" Juan Tizol, a glum white man and the only player in the band who likes to play sweet, complains, "I think it's too gutbucket for this kind of piece. I'd like it more legit." He plays a smooth, clear curlicue on his valve trombone. "Well, maybe you're right," Duke says, "but I still think that when Sam gets into that plunger part, he should give it some smear." Again the band begins at the beginning, and as the boys play, Duke calls out directions. "Like old Dusty," he may say (Dusty is a long-dead jazz musician), and even as he says it the emphasis and shaping will change. Or he may lean forward and say to one man, "Like you did in 'The Mooche,' " or he may shout over to Carney, who doubles on the clarinet, "The clarinet is under Tricky too much!" As the music begins to move along, he shouts, "Get sincere! Give your heart! Let go your soul!" His hands flicker over the keyboard, sometimes coming in close together while he hunches his broad, quivering shoulders, one shoulder twisted higher than the other, an absorbed half-smile upon his face. At a signal from Duke, various players, with the theme now solidly in mind, will get up and take solos. He points at the soloist he wants and raises his right index finger, and as long as the player doesn't get too far away from the theme, Duke lets him have his way. Perhaps two hours have gone by. The sky is getting gray, but the boys have the feel of the piece and can't let it alone. They play on and on, their coats off, their hats on the backs of their heads, some with their shoes off, their stocking feet slapping up and down on the floor, their eyes closed, their feet wide apart and braced when they stand for a solo, rearing back as if they could blast farther and better that way. Now Juan Tizol grabs a piece of paper and a pencil and begins to write down the orchestration, while the band is still playing it. Whenever the band stops for a breather, Duke experiments with rich new chords, perhaps adopts them, perhaps rejects, perhaps works out a piano solo that fits, clear and rippling, into little slots of silence, while the brass and reeds talk back and forth. By the time Tizol has finished getting the orchestration down on paper, it is already out of date. The men begin to play again, and then someone may shout "How about that train?" and there is a rush for a train that will carry the band to another engagement.

Duke enjoys the rhythm of a train as it rolls across the country and on one occasion he even scored it, putting notes on paper as he bounced and swayed along, listening to all the metallic variations of sound. He called the piece that resulted "Daybreak Express." The continental nature of Duke's profession is indicated by his itinerary for 1942. He began on January 1st in Kansas City, Missouri, and then, playing one-night stands and engagements that lasted as long as six weeks, rattled along to Junction City, Kansas; Omaha, Nebraska; Madison, Wisconsin; Waukegan, Illinois; Elkhart, Indiana; Chicago; Detroit; Canton, Ohio; Pittsburgh; Uniontown, Pennsylvania; Boston; Lawrence, Massachusetts; Portland, Maine; Worcester, Massachusetts; Boston, Toronto, Buffalo, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh; Moline, Illinois; South Gate, San Diego, San Francisco, Stockton, and Sacramento, all in California; Portland, Oregon; Vancouver; Seattle and Tacoma; Salem in Oregon; and then back to King City, Vallejo, San Jose, Los Angeles, and Ocean Park, in California; Salt Lake City, Denver, Chicago, Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, Dayton, Fort Wayne, Chicago, St. Louis; Moberly and Kansas City, in Missouri; Topeka, Kansas; back once more to California to play at Long Beach, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Sacramento, Oakland, and San Jose; then to Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Omaha; Storm Lake and Fort Dodge, in Iowa; St. Paul, Madison, Chicago, Toledo, Cincinnati, Youngstown; Toronto and Kitchener, in Canada; down to Buffalo, Fort Dix,

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PEANUTS
Richter

"Be right back. I'm up next."

Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Hartford, Bridgeport, Harrisburg, Columbus, and, on the last day of 1942, to Detroit.

DUKE likes trains because, as he says, "Folks can't rush you until you get off." He likes them, too, because dining-car waiters know about his love for food and he is apt to get very special attention. His journeys are punctuated by people who shove bits of paper at him for his autograph. Not long ago, travelling between Cleveland and Pittsburgh on a day coach, a German refugee with sad, weak blue eyes who had once played chamber music in Stuttgart sat down next to Duke and asked him for his autograph, and the two men got into conversation. A friend of Duke's with a historical turn of mind happened to be along on the trip and took notes on what the two men said. The refugee knew little about jazz, but he did know that Stokowski, Stravinsky, and Milhaud had described Ellington as one of the greatest modern composers.

"You can't write music right," Duke said, explaining his methods of composition, "unless you know how the man that'll play it plays poker."

"*Absolut phantastisch!*" the German murmured. Duke seemed startled, then laughed.

"Vot a varm, simple laugh you haf," the refugee said enviously.

Duke laughed again. "No, what I mean is," he said, "you've got to write with certain men in mind. You write just for their abilities and natural tendencies and give them places where they do their best—certain entrances and exits and background stuff. You got to know each man to know what he'll react well to. One guy likes very simple ornamentation; another guy likes ornamentation better than the theme because it gives him a feeling of being a second mind. Every musician has his favorite licks and you gotta write to them."

"His own licks? *Licks?*" asked the refugee.

"His own favorite figures," Duke said. He looked out the window. "I sure hated to leave that chick," he said affably. "I'd just met her. She was all wrapped up for me. All wrapped up in cellophane."

"Please?" asked the German.

"I know what sounds well on a trombone and I know what sounds well on a trumpet and they are not the same," Duke said. "I know what Tricky Sam can play on a trombone and I know what Lawrence Brown can play on a trombone and they are not the same, either."

"Don't you ever write just for inspiration?"

"I write for my band," Duke said. "For instance, I might think of a wonderful thing for an oboe, but I ain't got no oboe and it doesn't interest me. My band is my instrument. My band is my instrument even more than the piano. Tell you about me and music—I'm something like a farmer."

"A farmer that grows things?"

"A farmer that grows things. He plants his seed and I plant mine. He has to wait until spring to see his come up, but I can see mine right after I plant it. That night. I don't have to wait. That's the payoff for me."

"Mr. Ellington, how do you get those lovely melodic passages?"

"If you want to do a mellow cluster with a mixture of trombones and saxes, it will work very well," Duke said. "A real derby, not an aluminum one, will give you a big, round, hollow effect."

"A real derby?"

"A real derby."

"Not an aluminum derby?"

"Not an aluminum derby."

FOR A MAN'S EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY

If you will try not to remember now
you can forget the Junior Women's Club Formal,
the Griggsville game, the Senior Play.
You can obscure the Kandy Kitchen, easily put out its lights.

In a flood of servile facts you can drown the remembering
of the occasional and sweet delight of liberal learning.

You can surrender the eager urgencies of the body
of the voluntary boy athlete, and take on
the thoughtless habit of doing what you are told.
(It is to be doubted that anyone will ever say
Truk was taken, or the Rhine was crossed,
on the shabby, clay-washed turf of the football field
of Leonard Grant Memorial High School.)

You can loose the taut fidelities of the mind, which were given
to the causes neatly listed beside your picture in the yearbook.
(Masque and Gown, 2, 3; Kiowa Debating Club, 2, 3, 4;
Football, 3, 4, Co-captain, 4; Class President, 3; "Seventeen," 4.)

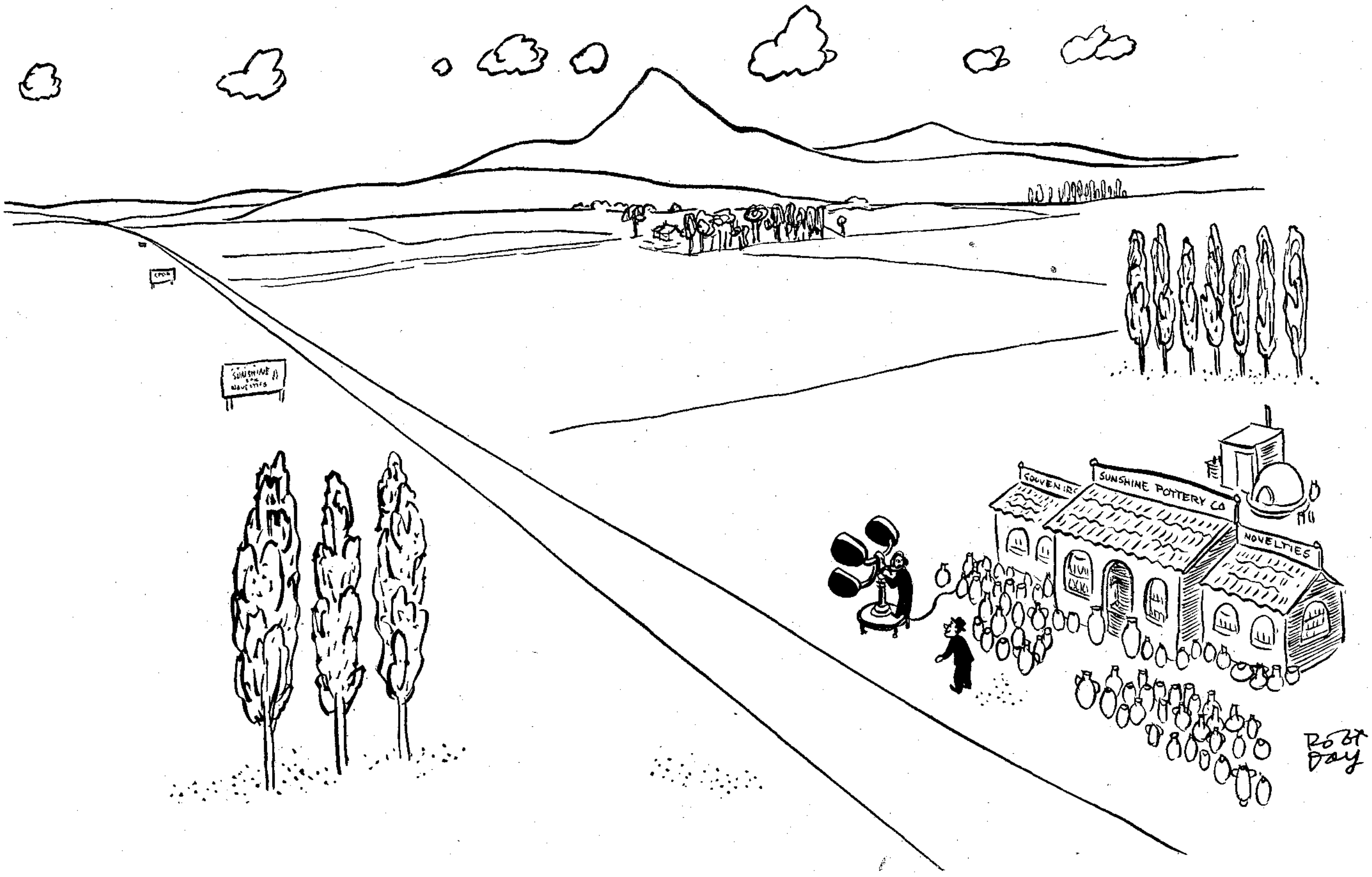
It is none of these will make a private soldier cry at night,
but the slow flood of otherwise remembrances
which you might have thought were forgotten,
lost in the maze of the boyhood years:

The promptly whirling skirts and hurried feet, when you were sick;
the family language, crusted with grotesqueries,
almost unknown even to the oldest friends of the family;
the private jokes, some of them two generations old;
and many little mysteries, intimate, conceivable only in a household.
In these things the past will present itself
as a situation beyond your control.

Much unasked recall and anecdote,
left behind, as if by a flood, will be found scattered
high on the dry bank of the brain.
Where you are going (it is hard to think) you will be alone
and the hands of memory will grasp your throat,
the flesh will call out to the stronger blood,
the blood will speak with longing to the bone.

—MARSHALL SMELSER

• •



"It's eight-cylinder, probably a Buick, doing about thirty-five, and ought to be by here in about six minutes."

• •

"*Phantastisch!*" the exile said.

Duke laughed. He called to Sonny Greer, his drummer, sitting up ahead, "I sure hated to miss that chick," he said. "She was all wrapped up in cellophane."

The refugee's pale blue eyes stared steadily at Duke. "When inspiration comes, Mr. Ellington," he said finally, "you write, *natürlich?*"

"It's mostly all written down, because it saves time," Duke said. He seemed eager to get away, but the coach was crowded and there wasn't another place to sit. "It's written down if it's only a basis for a change. There's no set system. Most times I write it and arrange it. Sometimes I write it and the band and I collaborate on the arrangement. Sometimes Billy Strayhorn, my staff arranger, does the arrangement. When we're all working together, a guy may have an idea and he plays it on his horn. Another guy may add to it and make something out of it. Someone may play a riff and ask, 'How do you like this?' The trumpets may try something together and say, 'Listen to this.' There may be a difference of opinion on what kind of mute to use. Someone may advocate extending a note or cutting it off. The sax section may want to put an additional smear on it."

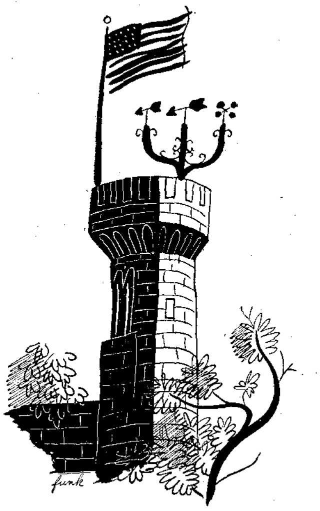
"Schmear?"

"Smear," Duke said.

Duke tried a few times to end the discussion, but the exile's questioning kept bringing him back to his exposition, and he was still explaining when the train pulled into Pittsburgh, where he and his band were to give a concert at Carnegie Hall. The hall is a resplendent place. It has tall, gray marble columns with gilt Corinthian capitals, and on its walls are inscribed the names of Schubert, Brahms, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Chopin. As the band trooped through the building to the dressing rooms, Duke glanced at the list of his predecessors and remarked, "Boys, we're in fast company."

WHEN the band is doing five shows a day in a movie house, Duke can take a hot, stuffy dressing room, often windowless and small, and give it the pleasant atmosphere of a neighborhood saloon. As soon as a show is over, Jonesy, his valet, who always wears a hat on the back of his head and a leather windbreaker, helps him undress and holds his red bathrobe up while he slips into it. Then Duke will lie down on a cot, a towel over his eyes to shield them from the light. Jonesy goes out to get him beer and sandwiches, and by the time he returns Duke is usually up playing a game of cassino with someone in his band. Other members of the band will keep walking in and out. "My honor is here. My honor is here," Duke mumbles, as he examines his cards, in a voice that has the lulling drone of an electric fan. Sometimes he varies this refrain with the more firmly voiced observation, "I will now do something to straighten this out." He keeps the door of his dressing room closed, but even so there is always the presence of the mechanical voice in the movie, faint yet powerful, and, now and then, the brash canned music of the newsreel. Sometimes, too, down the corridor, the deep voice of Estrelita, the South American Bombshell, who is part of an act that occasionally travels with Duke, may be heard as she sings, "Doan be so hasty. Yo' kisses so tasty!" Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet is often heard as he walks up and down outside the room like a bagpiper, practicing Grieg or some other classical composer. Someone in Duke's dressing room will open the door and say, "Jimmy, can't you get those squeaky mice outa that reed?

They musta built a nest in it." Jimmy, a solemn youth, will not reply. Duke, his big face relaxed, will say sleepily, "I think I'll rest my spine awhile," and lie down again on his cot. Billy Strayhorn will be working quietly over the score of some new tune in a corner. After a time a masseur will come in, and perhaps a newspaper reporter. Duke, his voice shaking as the masseur kneads him, will be interviewed as he lies naked on his cot. Recently a young reporter asked him what he had in mind when he wrote "Mood Indigo." "It's just a little story about a little girl and a little boy," Duke said. "They're about eight and the little girl loves the little boy. They never speak of it, of course, but she just likes the way he wears his hat. Every day he comes by her house at a certain time and she sits in her window and waits." Duke's voice dropped solemnly. The masseur, sensing the climax, eased up, and Duke said evenly, "Then one day he doesn't come." There was silence until Duke added, " 'Mood Indigo' just tells how she feels."



When the reporter left, Duke said, "Jesus, did you see the tears come into his eyes when I spoke about 'Mood Indigo'? That's what I like. Great big ole tears. That's why I liked Whetsol." Whetsol is a trumpet player now dead. "When he played the funeral march in 'Black and Tan Fantasy,' I used to see great, big ole tears running down people's faces." Duke chuckled. In such moods as this, Duke and the older members of his band are almost sure to talk about the musicians who played with them when the band began. Their conversation has something of the nostalgic, elegiac atmosphere that surrounds a group of old Yale grads talking about football players of other years. "Bubber Miley!" Duke exclaimed on one of these occasions. (Bubber, too, is dead.) "Bubber used to say, 'If it ain't got swing, it ain't worth playin'; if it ain't got gutbucket, it ain't worth doin.' " Freddie Guy, guitarist, was present and, as Duke went on to speak of great trombone players and great trumpet players, with never a word for the rhythm section, Freddie at last mumbled regretfully, "Duke sure love his brass! Duke sure love his brass!"

The world of jazz is sentimental. When Cootie Williams, another great trumpet player, left the Ellington band three and a half years ago to go with another band, a composer who had nothing to do with either band wrote a sad piece called "When Cootie Left the Duke." Duke still finds it hard to talk of Cootie's departure. Both Bubber and Cootie were known for their "growl" effect. Duke occasionally says, "Cootie gave the growl more beauty than anyone, more melodic magnificence. He had a sort of majestic folk quality. His open horn was wonderful—wonderful loud and wonderful soft. He had a hell of a style." Such adoring reminiscence sometimes bothers the newer members of the band. Juan Tizol once asked gloomily, at one of the dressing-room sessions, "What do you see in my playing anyway, Duke? I don't call myself a hot man anyway." There was a hurt tone in his voice. "Not for me. I take all my solos straight. Sweet style."

"Well, Juan," Duke said gently, "there are times when a writer wants to hear something exactly as it's written. You want to hear it clean, not with smears and slides on it. Besides, your style is good contrast to the more physical style of Johnny Hodges."

"I play with a legit tone," Juan said, as though accusing himself of something rather unforgivable. "Duke, what is there about my trombone tone?"

"You get an entirely different quality," Duke said. "It's real accurate. So many look on the valve trombone as an auxiliary instrument, and it's your main instrument. That's a hell of an obligation. You got to live up to those valves and you do, Juan, you do. You know how many slide trombonists use the slide so they can fake, and when you object they say, 'Watta ya think this has got on it—valves?' "

"If there was any room in legit, I'd still go back to legit," Tizol said. He seemed inconsolable. "I like legit because I could feature myself better in legit than in a jazz band. I don't feel the pop tunes, but I feel 'La Gioconda' and 'La Bohème.' I like pure romantic flavor. I can feel that better."

Duke said to the room at large, "Juan's got inhibitions. He won't ad-lib. Once, on the 'Twelfth Street Rag,' he did some ad-libbing. Only time he ever did."

Jack Boyd, Ellington's road manager, a small, brisk white man from Texas, knocked on the door and said, "Five is in, folks"—five minutes before the band was due onstage for another performance. Jonesy came in to dress Duke, and Tizol rose to go. "You're a hell of a good man, Tizol," Duke said, making a final effort to comfort his trombone. "We need a man who plays according to Hoyle. A guy who does only one thing but does it for sure, that's it."

"I'm only legit," Tizol said.

THERE are times when Duke's cheery calm is shaken and when his dressing room is more like a prison cell than a friendly saloon. A few months ago the band arrived in St. Louis to play at the Fox Theatre. As the train pulled into the Union Station, Ellington's two white employees—Tizol and Boyd—immediately got a taxi and went to one of the town's good hotels. Duke and the band members got taxis only after an hour and considerable begging, since most of the drivers didn't want Negroes as passengers, and then they were taken to a rickety hotel in the Negro section. The next day, when the colored members of the band went out for lunch after the first performance, they couldn't find a restaurant in the neighborhood that would serve them. They didn't have time to get over to the segregated district before they were due onstage again. They returned to the theatre and arranged for a white man to go out to buy sandwiches at a drugstore. When the proprietor of the store, making inquiry, found that the sandwiches were for a Negro band, he refused to fill the order. A few minutes later the men went back to work, hungry, the curtain rose, and from the white audience out front there came a burst of applause. The crowd cheered, whistled, and stamped its feet. As the curtain was going up, the dejection on the faces of the players vanished, and, as swiftly as an electric light is switched on, it was replaced by a look of joy. The music blared, Duke smiled, threw back his head, and shouted "Ah-h-h!," Rex Stewart took off on a solo that was greeted with fervor, and as he bowed, the musician next to him muttered out of the side of his mouth, "Bend, you hungry fathead! Bend!" Everything was flash and brightness until the curtain came down. Then the joy was switched off and there was just a group of angry, hungry Negroes arguing their right to food.

"Can't we eat in our own country?" Rex Stewart said.

"And my son is in the Army!" another man said.

"Are we prisoners or something?" Harry Carney asked.

The band milled around in the gloom backstage. "Gee," said Stewart, "I'd like to go to a valley hemmed in by mountains, just me myself. That would be Utopia." The manager of the theatre was called, and admitted that if the band was to work it should be allowed to eat. He arranged for food to be sent in. A few minutes later, Boyd was in a saloon overlooking the stage door when a man in the band came out and got into a taxi.

"Did you see that?" asked a woman on a stool at the bar.

"See what?" Boyd said.

"See that nigra get in that cab?"

"Well, he's a pretty nice fellow. He's a member of the Ellington band. Some people think he's a very great artist."

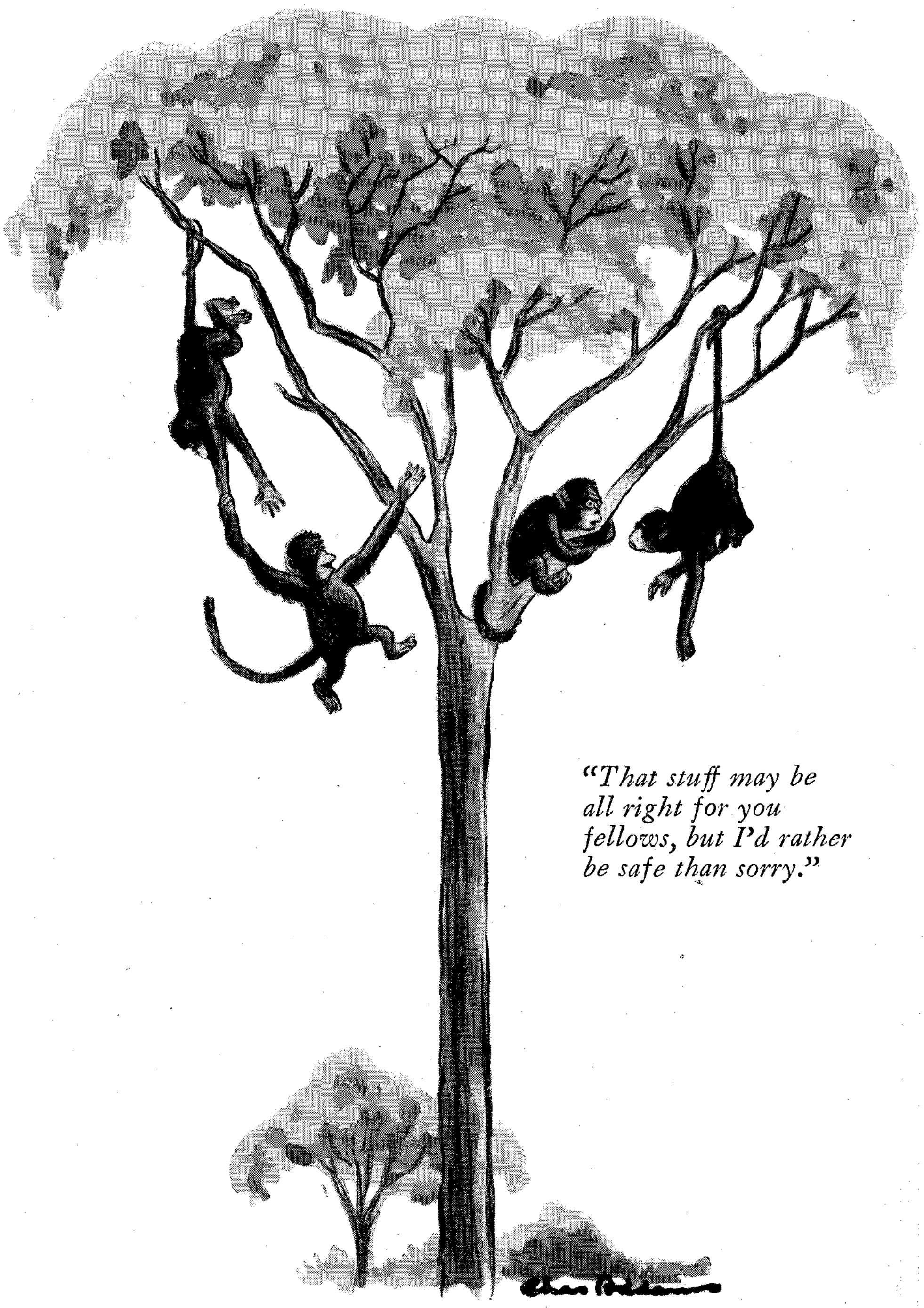
"A very great artist? Well, I don't know what you think, but I always say that the worst white man is better than the best nigra."

Duke tries to forget things like that, and if he doesn't quite succeed, he pretends he does. An hour after the show, Duke was introduced to a policeman who said enthusiastically, "If you'd been a white man, Duke, you'd been a great musician." Duke's smile was wide and steady as he answered quietly, "I guess things would have been different if I'd been a white man."

ONCE Duke is aboard a train, soothed by the ministrations of admiring porters and dining-car waiters, he likes to relax and talk about his music. He is somewhat given to making set speeches and often, when he is asked if he can recall an incident, he remembers what he is in the habit of saying about it rather than the event itself. He enjoys telling how he happened to write any of his compositions. "In my writing," he said not long ago on a train, in the presence of his historian friend, "there's always a mental picture. That's the way I was raised up in music. In the old days, when a guy made a lick, he'd say what it reminded him of. He'd make the lick and say, 'It sounds like my old man falling downstairs' or 'It sounds like a crazy guy doing this or that.' I remember ole Bubber Miley taking a lick and saying, 'That reminds me of Miss Jones singin' in church.' That's the way I was raised up in music. I always have a mental picture."

He looked out the window at a drab village through which the train was speeding. A woman stood on a porch, holding a tablecloth which she seemed about to flourish. Before she completed her motion, she was out of sight. "I'd like to write something about that," Duke said. "You know, people moving in a train, other people standing still, and you see them for just an instant and then you rush on forever. Sometimes you look right into their goddam eyes. Seems for a minute like you know them. Then they're gone." He kept staring out the window. After a while he pointed at a tree and said, "Looks like a band leader." Again he was moodily silent. Then he suddenly said, "Take 'Eerie Moan.' I wrote that in 1930, when I was at the Cotton Club. It's the voice of New York City. You're lying in bed all by yourself. The window is open. It's summer. If there was someone in bed with you, you'd be contented. But you're alone and it's very late and you listen and listen and you hear something out there that comes from millions of people sleeping, from manhole covers that give a double click as a taxi shoots over them, from tugboats far away when they whistle hoarse. You really don't hear anything single, just a kind of general breathing. You feel very alone. You moan and it seems like that's the sound you're hearing from all the city outside in the night. Only place you can hear it is New York City."

Boyd lurched down the aisle. Duke caught him by the arm. "What time have we got to catch the train tomorrow?" Duke asked. "Seven in the



"That stuff may be all right for you fellows, but I'd rather be safe than sorry."

morning," Boyd said cheerfully. "God damn!" said Duke. "You can't sleep after the birds wake up, so you don't want anyone else to! You're not normal. You can't sleep after sunrise." Duke's voice was bitter. "You change that train or we won't get any sleep!" Boyd continued down the aisle, muttering to himself, and Duke mumbled, "He can't sleep after sunrise and he doesn't want anyone else to."

Two young soldiers came up to ask for his autograph. After Duke had given it to them, they hung around to talk. "My favorite piece," one of the soldiers said, "is 'In a Sentimental Mood.' "

"It was one of those spontaneous things," Duke said. "It was after a dance at Durham, North Carolina, and they gave me a private party. Something was wrong with it. Two girls weren't speaking to each other. One girl had cut in on the other girl's guy and the other girl kept saying, 'Of all the people in the world! That *she* should take my man!' I was sitting at the piano, one girl on each side, and I'm trying to patch 'em up, see? And I said, 'Let's do a song' and that was the outcome, and when I finished they kissed and made up."

Other passengers had become aware that Duke was talking about his music and a little group crowded around, its members occasionally clutching at each other and at the seats to steady themselves.

"How about 'Clarinet Lament'?" someone asked.

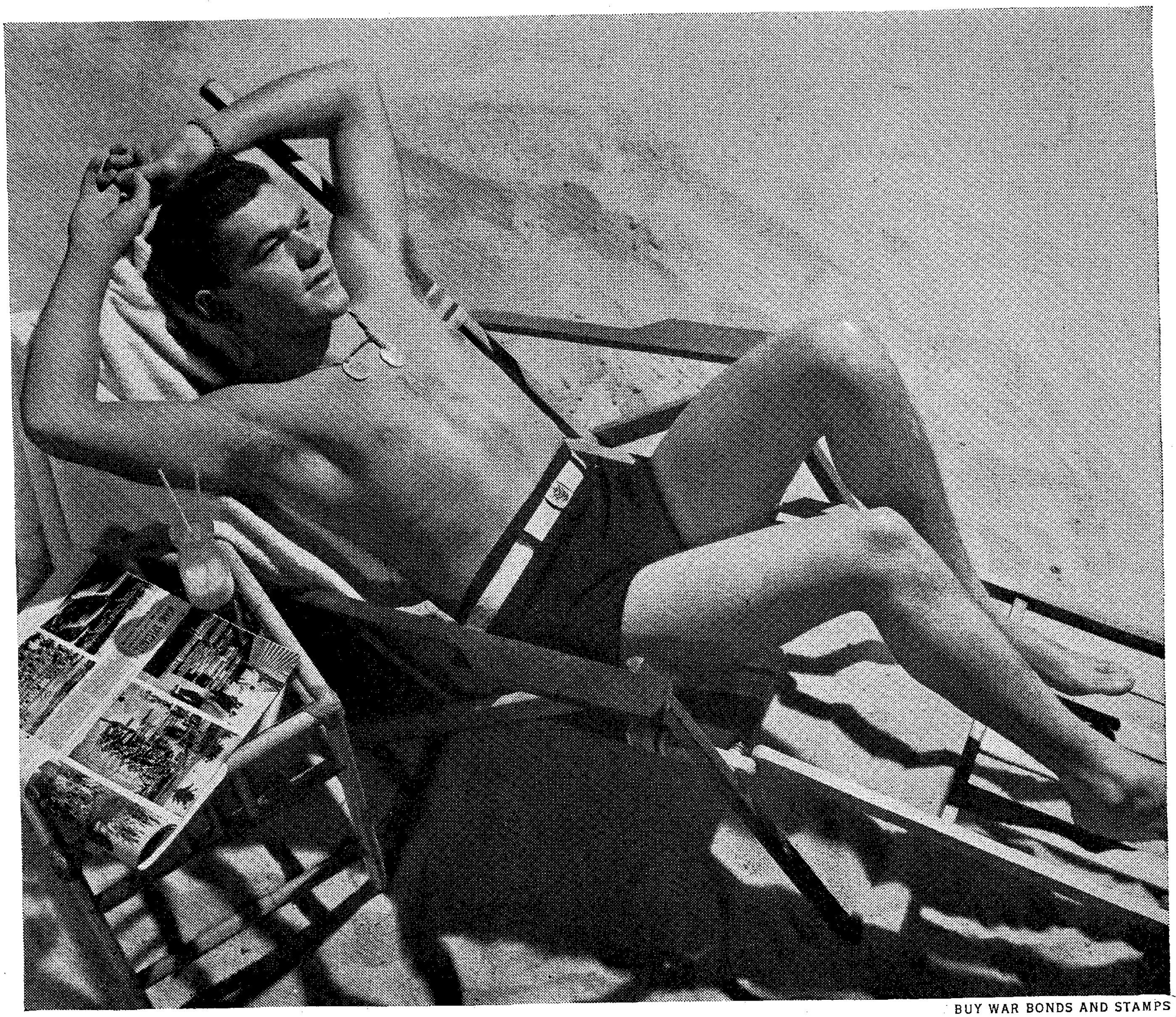
"It was just something for Barney to play," Duke said. Barney is Barney Bigard, a famous clarinettist who used to be with the band. "We sort of worked it out together. You sit down and try this and that and finally you run upon something and write it out."

"How about 'Awful Sad'?"

"It's a beautiful thing," Duke said. "Very little to be said beyond the title. After I wrote it I said, 'What'll I call it?,' and someone said, 'It's awful sad.' I fingered it out on the piano. It was late at night. It had a beautiful part for Whetsol, a beautiful, tender part. It gives me a chill when I hear it."

Someone asked him about "Solitude" and he said, "I wrote it in Chicago in twenty minutes while waiting for a recording date. The other band, the one ahead of us, was late coming out and I wrote it holding a sheet of music paper against a glass wall. When we went in, it was the first thing we made. The sound engineer was half crying. It filled everybody up. To make people cry, that's music at its highest. My songs had a tendency in those days to be laments. There was always that melancholy in them. You look at the same melancholy again and again from a different perspective."

Duke seemed to feel that the conversation had taken too sombre a turn and he began speaking of his appetite, documenting his claim that it is national, even international, in scope. "I have special places marked for special dishes," he said. "In Taunton, Massachusetts, you can get the best chicken stew in the United States. For chow mein with pigeon's blood, I go to Johnny Cann's Cathay House in San Francisco. I get my crab cakes at Bolton's—that's in San Francisco, too. I know a place in Chicago where you get the best barbecued ribs west of Cleveland and the best shrimp Creole outside New Orleans. There's a wonderful place in Memphis, too, for barbecued ribs. I get my Chinook salmon in Portland, Oregon. In Toronto I get duck orange, and the best fried chicken in the world is in Louisville, Kentucky. I get myself a half-dozen chickens and a gallon jar of potato salad, so I can feed the sea gulls. You know, the guys who reach over your shoulder. There's a place in Chicago, the Southway Hotel, that's got the best cinnamon rolls and the best filet mignon in the world. Then there's Ivy Anderson's chicken shack in Los Angeles, where they have hot biscuits with honey and very fine chicken-liver omelets. In New Orleans there's gumbo filé. I like it so well that I always take a pail of it out with me when I leave. In New York I send over to the Turf Restaurant at Forty-ninth and Broadway a couple of times a week to get their broiled lamb chops. I guess I'm a little freakish with lamb chops. I prefer to eat them in the dressing room, where I have plenty of room and can really let myself go. In Washington, at Harrison's, they have devilled crab and Virginia ham. They're terrific things. On the Ile-de-France, when we went to Europe, they had the best crêpes Suzette in the world and it took a dozen at a time to satisfy me. The Café Royal, in the Hague, has the best hors d'œuvres in the world—eighty-five different kinds, and it takes a long time to eat some of each. There's a place on West Forty-ninth Street in New York that has wonderful curried food and wonderful chutney. There's a place in Paris that has the best octopus soup. And oh, my, the smörgåsbord in Sweden! At Old Orchard Beach, Maine, I got the reputation of eating more hot dogs than any man in America. A Mrs. Wagner there makes a toasted bun that's the best of its kind in America. She has a toasted bun, then a slice of onion, then a hamburger, then a tomato, then melted cheese, then another hamburger, then a slice of onion, more cheese, more tomato, and then the other side of the bun. Her hot dogs have two dogs to a bun. I ate thirty-two one night. She has very fine baked beans. When I eat with Mrs. Wagner, I begin with ham and eggs for an appetizer, then the baked beans, then fried chicken, then a steak—her steaks are two inches thick—and then a dessert of applesauce, ice cream, chocolate cake, and custard, mixed with rich, yellow country cream. I like veal with an egg on it. Monseigneur's, in London, has very fine mutton. Durgin-Park's, in Boston, has very fine roast beef. I get the best baked ham, cabbage, and corn



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TOMMY WONDER JACK McCAULEY
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KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Robert KEITH •
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Sat. & July 4

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 32

bread at a little place near Biloxi. St. Petersburg, Florida, has the best fried fish. It's just a little shack, but they can sure fry fish. I really hurt myself when I go there."

Duke's audience seemed awed at his recital, and he looked rather impressed himself. "Gee," he said admiringly, "I really sent myself on that, didn't I?"

Some of the passengers wanted to ask more questions, but Duke had worked himself up to the point of having to go to the diner. There, between bites, he resumed the discussion of his music with one of his new acquaintances, who had gone along with him. "Take 'Harlem Air Shaft,' " Duke said. "So much goes on in a Harlem air shaft. You get the full essence of Harlem in an air shaft. You hear fights, you smell dinner, you hear people making love. You hear intimate gossip floating down. You hear the radio. An air shaft is one great big loudspeaker. You see your neighbors' laundry. You hear the janitor's dogs. The man upstairs' aerial falls down and breaks your window. You smell coffee. A wonderful thing, that smell. An air shaft has got every contrast. One guy is cooking dried fish and rice and another guy's got a great big turkey. Guy-with-fish's wife is a terrific cooker but the guy's wife with the turkey is doing a sad job." Duke laughed. "You hear people praying, fighting, snoring. Jitterbugs are jumping up and down always over you, never below you. That's a funny thing about jitterbugs. They're always above you. I tried to put all that in 'Harlem Air Shaft.' "

It was dark outside now, and Duke looked out at the night. When he saw that the moon was up, he said, "Bomber's moon. I'm going to write a song about that." Duke's companion asked him about "Saturday Night Function." "That's from the old rent-party days," he said. "When I was young, I travelled around with a character named Lippy and with James P. Johnson, one of the world's great piano players. He really can play plenty of piano. I can still hear Lippy coming into a tenement at four in the morning and shouting, 'It's Lippy, and James P. is with me!' We'd be in bed and hear that ole click, clack, click of those triple locks and when they'd open up, Lippy would shout, 'Wake up everybody and dust off that piano so James P. can play!' Everybody would crowd around and James P. would milk 'em around, kind of teasing 'em when they asked for a piece, saying 'Is this what you mean?' and 'Or is this the number?' and then finally bang into it. That's real dramatic timing."

Duke lit a cigarette. "That's the way the whole world should be," he said. "James P. was an artist and the people wanted to hear him at any hour. Now everybody wants to know your pedigree. I think I'll build a city like that. A guy has a new painting or a poem that he wants people to enjoy at four in the morning, and it's all right. I'll have nothing but bungalows, so we can always knock on windows and walk in and sit down and start playing on a man's piano without offending anybody." He was silent for a moment and then said, "I like that city idea." He thought awhile. "I really like that city idea. I think I'll call it Peaceful Haven."

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(*This is the second of three articles on Mr. Ellington.*)

•

OUR HUNGRY AUTHORS

[*From "The Dead Don't Care," by Jonathan Latimer*]

He sat down on a bedspread the color of guava jelly . . . —*Page 6.*

His feet were noisy on the absinthe-green tile floor . . . —*Page 8.*

. . . a wide beach the color of camembert cheese. —*Page 17.*

. . . the water was the color of lime pop . . . —*Page 35.*

She was an egg-yolk blonde . . . —*Page 36.*

His skin was the color of coffee with cream in it. —*Page 59.*

Long-haired white rugs, scattered about the composition floor, looked like blobs of whipped cream on a blackberry tart. —*Page 126.*

The Smith-Brothers-cough-drop eyes of the teddy bear. . . . —*Page 126.*

. . . her hair was the color of butter. Her lips and fingernails were the color of blood oranges. —*Page 178.*

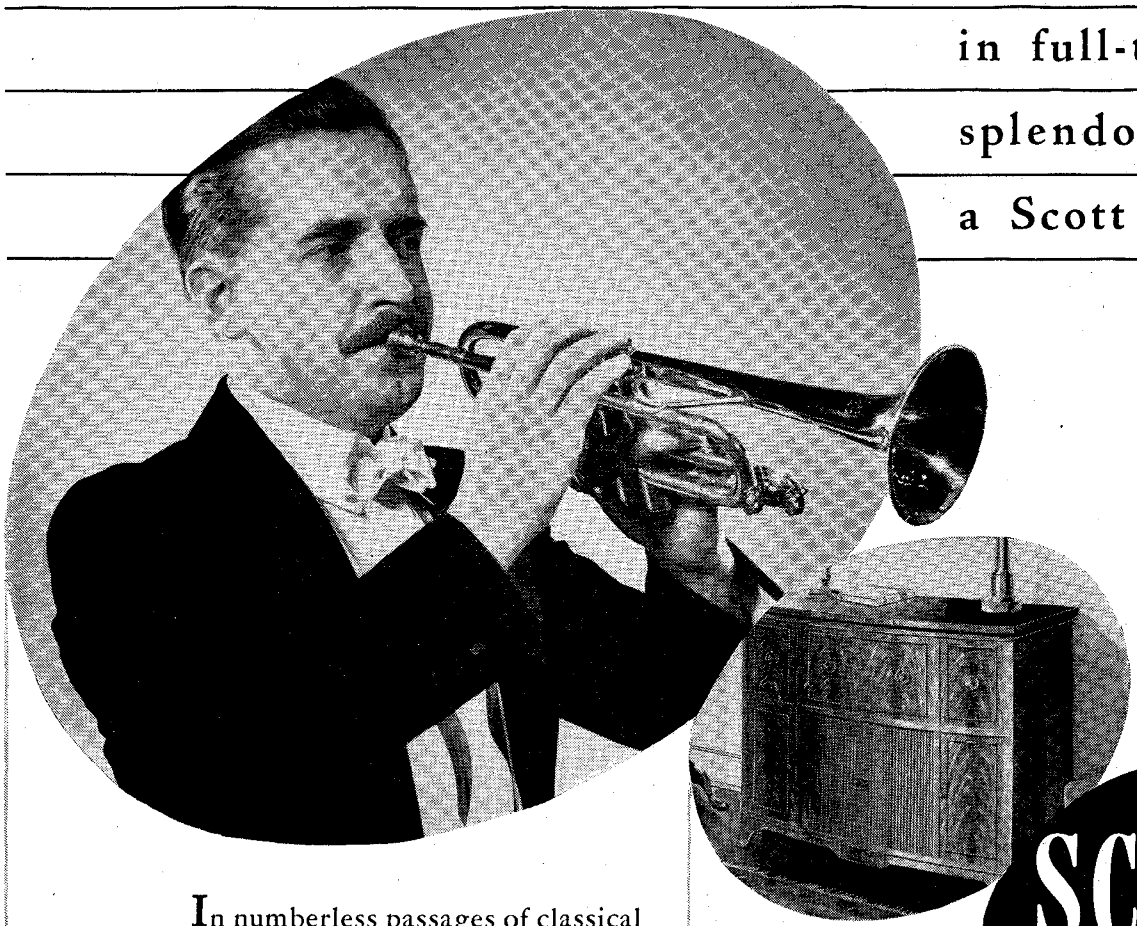
. . . there were liver-colored smudges under his eyes . . . —*Page 178.*

A pumpkin-colored moon . . . —*Page 199.*

Her hair was the deep color of honey which had been a long time in the comb. —*Page 201.*

The captain's eyes . . . were the color of watered milk. —*Page 248.*

The Trumpet sounds its clarion call in fine music ... or blares in off-beat boogie-woogie ... to be heard in full-throated splendor on a Scott



In numberless passages of classical music, the Trumpet soars with martial majesty, while in the popular music of today it sounds a vibrant, masculine note that is unmistakable. In any mood, in any setting, the Trumpet's vitality and spine-tingling range are stirring and imperative.

To hear the Trumpet truly reproduced by record or radio, you will want to hear it on a Scott, for a Scott brings you each instrument in its own voice and timbre, in a "living performance."

You who love great music will find a Scott one of the longed-for blessings of peace ... to welcome into your home as an honored friend. Meanwhile, the Scott-you-might-have-owned is off on the seven seas, bringing news and entertainment to our far-flung fleets. The Scott Marine Model was the *first* safe broadcast and short wave radio that gave no tell-tale "leakback" to enemy submarines.

But don't just wait for the days of peace—hurry them by buying Bonds, Bonds and more BONDS.

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Please send me a complimentary copy of your new booklet on radio, "Achievement Through the Years."

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Address.......................................
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"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—*Morehouse, Sun*
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. CI. 6-4636
EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., SAT. & July 4

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & July 4
Both Theatres Air-Conditioned

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MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
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Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : *Lyrics by* OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
AIR-CONDITIONED
46th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & July 4

"HELEN GOES TO TROY is funny, musically fetching, lovely to look at and jubilantly gay. A musical farce of the first order."
—*BARNES, Herald Tribune*
ALVIN Theatre, W. 52 St. Eves. 8:30
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CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
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with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40. Air Cond.

GAYEST COMEDY IN TOWN
Meyer Davis presents
WALLFLOWER
By Mary Orr & Reginald Denham
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Evs. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & July 4

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

THE THEATRE

HUDSON DUSTER

IN "Love on Leave," A. B. Shiffrin has decided to take up the lighter aspects of juvenile delinquency. Except for this unorthodox approach, however, the work at the Hudson is not rich in surprises. The curtain goes up on a man picking out something with two fingers on his typewriter and goes down on the same man spanking his wayward daughter, and the interval between these two standard humorous effects is filled with the kind of rough, serviceable comedy that, having murdered the customers for twenty years, is still felt to have a good, theoretical chance of doing so again. As it happens, Shiffrin's jokes didn't stir me particularly, but a good many of them seemed to enchant the usual congress of friends, relatives, and remittance men at the opening, so I may have been mistaken. It isn't a proposition I'd like to bet on, though.

To get down to the facts, "Love on Leave" is about a fifteen-year-old Astoria girl who goes to a Times Square hotel with a sailor. She is driven to this desperate behavior largely by the conditions in her home, which, to be fair to her, struck me as almost intolerable. Her father, a writer on child psychology, is trying to place a series of articles on his specialty in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which, it seems, is not only the medium of the immortals but also pays three cents a word. Like so many writers, he is morose and dyspeptic, and has a nasty habit of reading his stuff out loud. He is no worse, however, than his wife and his elder daughter, a couple of cute tricks who make up words like "homosensual" and go on generally like characters in a radio serial. For instance, when one of them says, "Life is an open book to me," the other answers, "I think it is high time it was shut," and this sample unfortunately is a good deal better than the average. Anyway, they're quite a bunch, and it is no wonder that little Lucy seeks relief from them in a flea bag with a sailor. Since Mr. Shiffrin is writing what his press agent has described as "a tender comedy," the gob in question is manly but chaste and, for purposes of entertainment, really not much of an improvement on the folks back in Astoria. He drinks chocolate sodas, writes to his mother, and treats his young visitor like a brother, even to the point of wiping off her lipstick with a towel. Naturally, all this is not only disappointing to her but also productive of a lot of talk about the traditional virility of the Navy, a subject that has begun to affect me like luminal. Anyway, Lucy gets out of the joint intact, though indignant, and the rest of the evening is devoted to clearing up the situation at home. Here, with the help of some reliable business involving a pompous dowager and a couple of cops, Mr. Shiffrin manages to be mildly funny for a while, but on the whole it is all too little and too late.

The performers involved in "Love on Leave" have presumably suffered enough and will get no further abuse from me. I would only like to say that for an accomplished actor who must to a certain extent be in charge of his own destiny, Millard Mitchell seems to be able to get himself into the damndest messes.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

ADDRESS BOOK

What do you do with your little black
book,
The book by the telephone?
Do you tear off leaves or cross out
names
Or write "address unknown"?

Do you leave their names, the names of
the men,
And cross out where they were?
If you leave their names and their old
address,
Does the writing fade and blur?

The women remain with their old
address,
The lists of women remain,
They will wait in there till their men
come back
(If their men come back again).

The little black book is a Domesday
Book,
It is all you need to learn
Of man uprooted and woman alone
And the year's convulsive turn.

—MARYA MANNES

From Antoine, creator of superb creams, lotions and dramatic make-up . . . comes the perfected "Stocking Stand-In"—sheer illusion for lovely legs! Exquisitely flattering, smooth, cool, easy to apply . . . does not streak, lasts until removed. In three glorious shades.

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ANTOINE

COSMETICS

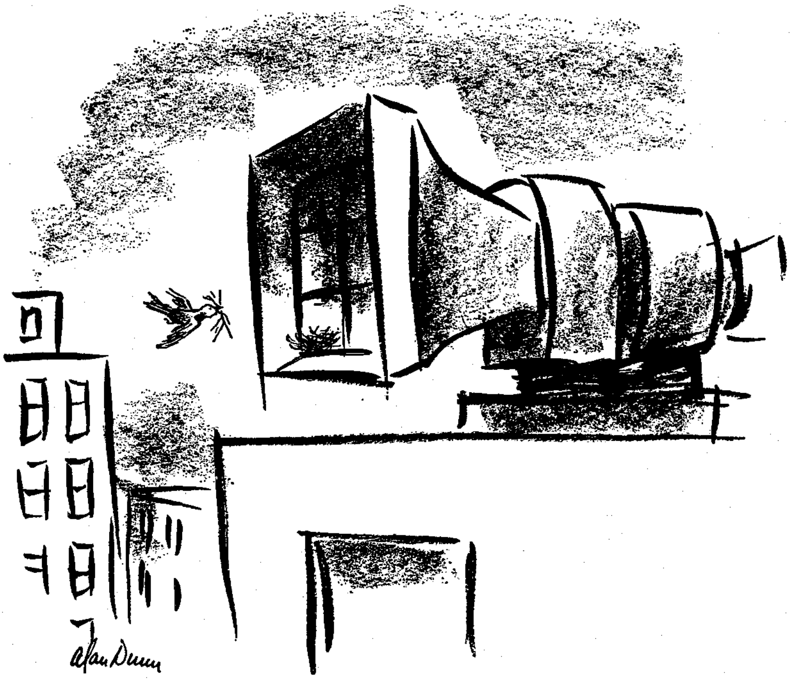
A REPORTER AT LARGE

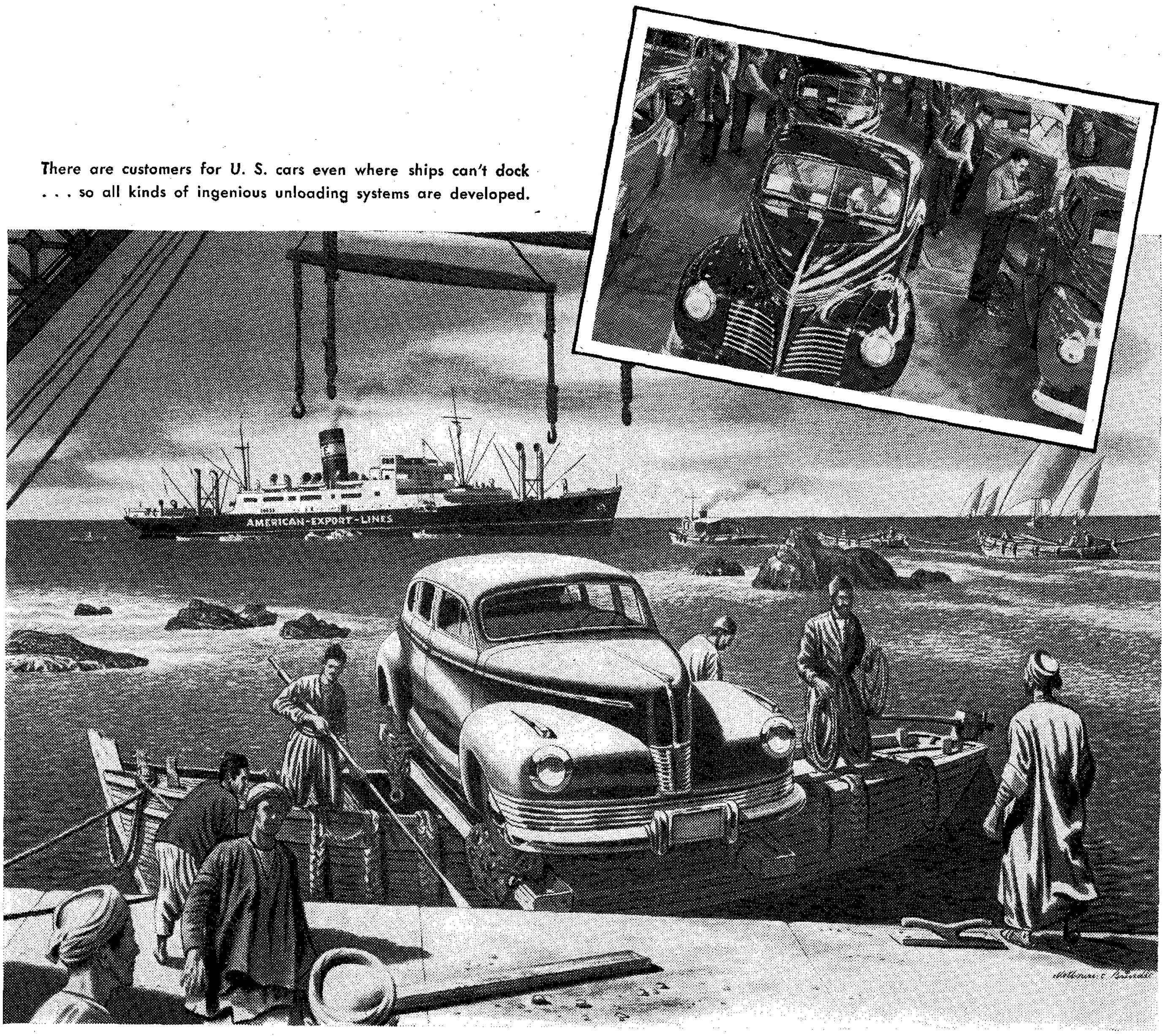
CROSS-CHANNEL TRIP—I

THREE days after the first Allied landing in France, I was in the wardroom of an LCIL (Landing Craft, Infantry, Large) that was bobbing in the lee of the French cruiser Montcalm off the Normandy coast. The word "large" in landing-craft designation is purely relative; the wardroom of the one I was on is seven by seven feet and contains two officers' bunks and a table with four places at it. She carries a complement of four officers, but since one of them must always be on watch there is room for a guest at the wardroom table, which is how I fitted in. The Montcalm was loosing salvos, each of which rocked our ship; she was firing at a German pocket of resistance a couple of miles from the shoreline. The suave voice of a B.B.C. announcer came over the wardroom radio: "Next in our series of impressions from the front will be a recording of an artillery barrage." The French ship loosed off again, drowning out the recording. It was this same announcer, I think—I'm not sure, because all B.B.C. announcers sound alike—who said, a little while later, "We are now in a position to say the landings came off with surprising ease. The Air Force and the big guns of the Navy smashed coastal defenses, and the Army occupied them." Lieutenant Henry Rigg, United States Coast Guard Reserve, the skipper of our landing craft, looked at Long, her engineering officer, and they both began to laugh. Kavanaugh, the ship's communications officer, said, "Now what do you think of that?" I called briefly upon God. Aboard the LCIL, D Day hadn't seemed like that to us. There is nothing like a broadcasting studio in London to give a chap perspective.

I WENT aboard our LCIL on Thursday evening, June 1st. The little ship was one of a long double file that lay along the dock in a certain British port. She was fast to the dock, with another LCIL lashed to her on the other side. An LCIL is a hundred and fifty-five feet long and about three hundred deadweight tons. A destroyer is a big ship indeed by comparison; even an LST (Landing Ship, Tanks) looms over an LCIL like a monster. The LCIL has a flat bottom and draws only five feet of water, so she can go right up on a beach. Her hull is a box for carrying men; she can sleep two hundred soldiers belowdecks or can carry five hundred on a short ferrying trip, when men stand both below and topside. An LCIL has a stern anchor which she drops just before she goes aground and two forward ramps which she runs out as she touches bottom. As troops go down the ramps, the ship naturally lightens, and she rises a few inches in the water; she then winches herself off by the stern anchor, in much the same way a monkey pulls himself back on a limb by his tail. Troop space is about all there is to an LCIL, except for a compact engine room and a few indispensable sundries like navigation instruments and anti-aircraft guns. LCILs are the smallest ocean-crossing landing craft, and all those now in the European theatre arrived under their own power. The crews probably would have found it more comfortable sailing on the Santa María. Most LCILs are operated by the Navy, but several score of them have Coast Guard crews. Ours was one of the latter. The name "Coast Guard" has always reminded me of little cutters plying out to ocean liners from the barge office at the Battery in New York, and the association gave me a definite pleasure. Before boarding the landing craft, I had been briefed, along with twenty other correspondents, on the flagship of Rear Admiral John L. Hall, Jr., who commanded the task force of which our craft formed a minute part, so I knew where we were going and approximately when. Since that morning I had been sealed off from the civilian world, in the marshalling area, and when I went aboard our landing craft I knew that I would not be permitted even to set foot on the dock except in the company of a commissioned officer.

It was warm and the air felt soporific when I arrived. The scene somehow reminded me more of the Sheepshead Bay channel, with its fishing boats, than of the jumping-off place for an invasion. A young naval officer who had brought me ashore from the flagship took me over the landing craft's gangplank and introduced me to Lieutenant Rigg. Rigg, familiarly known as Bunny, was a big man, thirty-three years old, with clear, light-blue eyes and a fleshy, good-tempered face. He was a yacht broker in civilian life and often wrote articles about boats. Rigg welcomed me aboard as if we were going for a cruise to Block Island, and invited me into the wardroom to have a cup of coffee. There was standing room only, because Rigg's three junior officers and a Navy commander were already drinking coffee at the table. The junior officers—Long, Kavanaugh, and Williams—were all lieutenants (j.g.). Long, a small, jolly man with an upturned nose, was a Coast Guard regular with twenty years' service, mostly as a chief petty officer. He came from Baltimore. Kavanaugh, tall and straight-featured, was from Crary, North Dakota, and Williams, a very polite, blond boy, came from White Deer, Texas. Kavanaugh and Williams were both in their extremely early twenties. The three-striper, a handsome, slender man with prematurely white hair and black eyebrows, was introduced to me by Rigg as the C.O. of a naval beach battalion which would go in to organize boat traffic on a stretch of beach as soon as the first waves of Infantry had taken it over. He was going to travel to the invasion coast aboard our landing





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1 OUT OF 6 GOES TO SEA!

American automobiles and trucks travel the world's oceans—in merchant ships. In 1938, one out of every six we made was sold abroad—a quarter of a billion dollars of extra business for the hundreds of thousands of auto company workers, and for millions of others—in every state of the Union—who supplied raw materials, parts and tires!

YOU'D be surprised if you added up all the things you use that are brought from foreign lands (every U. S.-built car contains some imported materials!) . . . and more surprised if you saw how many American products are used the world over.

Our foreign trade affects every American. It's big business—both ways . . . business entirely dependent on the merchant ships that sail the seas.

That's why Congress became alarmed at the dwindling U. S. merchant fleet, and passed the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, called the "Magna Charta of the U. S. Merchant Marine," to give us shipping "*necessary for the national defense and development of (our) foreign and domestic commerce.*"

When war came, we'd made a good start under the guidance of the U. S. Maritime Commission. A U. S.-flag fleet was growing, following the mandate of Congress, "*constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens.*"

Today, under the War Shipping Administration, America's merchant fleet—swelled by war-building—is a major weapon!

Modern American Export Lines vessels—built for efficiency and speed—are helping earn a place for the U. S. flag on the world's oceans. Before the war, our ships and men introduced fast service and time-table schedules to ports through the Mediterranean, up in the Black Sea—and through Suez to India. We're going back when Peace comes . . . *and the cargoes we take there and bring back, the ports we visit, will be determined by what you and other Americans want to buy or sell abroad!*

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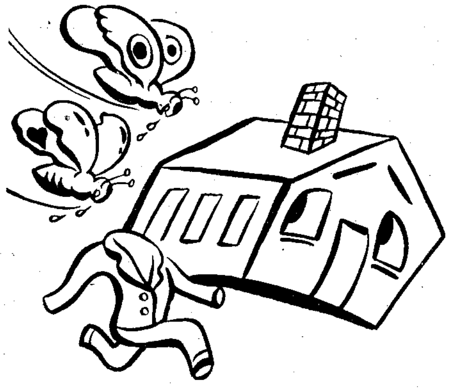
N. W. AYER & SON

IT WORKS! Yes, every word in this advertisement is in pure "Basic English" . . . the new world-wide language that it is hoped will "join hands across the sea" after the war.

When insects knife you in the back



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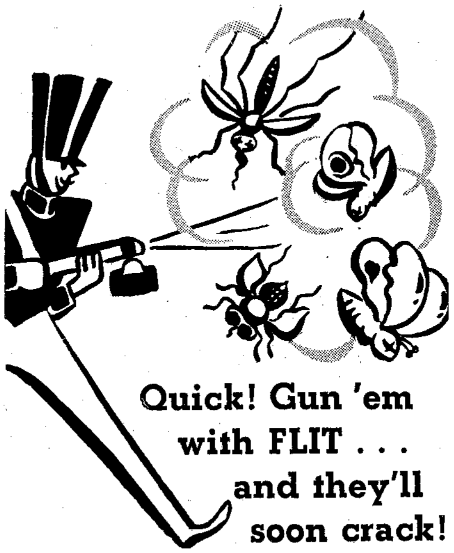
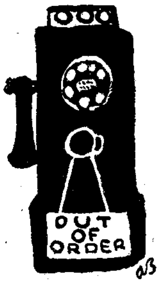


Quick! Gun 'em with FLIT . . . and they'll soon crack!

● Keep FLIT near at hand, at all times. It is *sudden death* to common insects that may cause trouble and destruction in your house.

Copr. 1944, Stanco Incorporated

craft, and since he disliked life ashore in the marshalling area, he had come aboard ship early. The commander, who had a drawl hard to match north of Georgia, was in fact a Washingtonian. He was an Annapolis man, he soon told me, but had left the Navy for several years to practice law in the District of Columbia and then returned to it for the war. His battalion was divided for the crossing among six LCILs, which would go in in pairs on adjacent beaches, so naturally he had much more detailed dope on the coming operation than normally would come to, say, the skipper of a landing craft, and this was to make conversations in the tiny wardroom more interesting than they otherwise would have been.



Even before I had finished my second cup of coffee, I realized that I had been assigned to a prize LCIL; our ship was to beach at H Hour plus sixty-five, which means one hour and five minutes after the first assault soldier gets ashore. "This ship and No. X will be the first LCILs on the beach," Rigg said complacently. "The first men will go in in small boats, because of mines and underwater obstacles, and Navy demolition men with them will blow us a lane through element C—that's sunken concrete and iron obstacles. They will also sweep the lane of mines, we hope. We just have to stay in the lane."

"These things move pretty fast and they make a fairly small target bow on," Long added cheerfully.

The others had eaten, but I had not, so Williams went out to tell the cook to get me up some chow. While it was being prepared, I went out on deck to look around.

OUR landing craft, built in 1942, is one of the first class of LCILs, which have a rectangular superstructure and a narrow strip of open deck on each side of it. Painted on one side of the superstructure I noted a neat Italian flag, with the legend "Italy" underneath so that there would be no mistake, and beside the flag a blue shield with white vertical stripes and the word "Sicily." There was also a swastika and the outline of an airplane, which could only mean that the ship had shot down a German plane in a landing either in Sicily or Italy. Under Britain's double summer time, it was still light, and there were several groups of sailors on deck, most of them rubbing "impregnating grease" into shoes to make them impervious to mustard gas. There had been a great last-minute furore about the possibility that the Germans might use gas against the invasion, and everybody had been fitted with impregnated gear and two kinds of protective ointment. Our ship's rails were topped with rows of drying shoes.

"This is the first time I ever tried to get a pair of shoes pregnant, sir" one of the sailors called out sociably as I was watching him.

"No doubt you tried it on about everything else, I guess," another sailor yelled as he, too, worked on his shoes.

I could see I would not be troubled by any of that formality which has occasionally oppressed me aboard flagships. Most of the sailors had their names stencilled in white on the backs of their jumpers, so there was no need for introductions. One sailor I encountered was in the middle of a complaint about a shore officer who had "eaten him out" because of the way he was dressed on the dock, and he continued after I arrived. "They treat us like children," he said. "You'd think we was the pea-jacket navy instead of the ambiguous farce." The first term is one that landing-craft sailors apply to those on big ships, who keep so dry that they can afford to dress the part. "The ambiguous farce" is their pet name for the amphibious forces. A chief petty officer, who wore a khaki cap with his blue coveralls, said, "You don't want to mind them, sir. This isn't a regular ship and doesn't ever pretend to be. But it's a good working ship. You ought to see our engine room."

A little sailor with a Levantine face asked me where I came from. When I told him New York, he said, "Me too—Hundred twenty-second and First." The name stencilled on his back was Landini. "I made up a song about this deal," he said, breaking into a kind of Off to Buffalo. "I'm going over to France and I'm shaking in my pants."

Through the open door of the galley I could watch the cook, a fattish man with wavy hair and a narrow mustache, getting my supper ready. His name was Fassy, and he was the commissary steward. He appeared to have a prejudice against utensils; he slapped frankfurters and beans down on the hot stove top, rolled them around, and flipped them onto the plate with a spatula. I thought the routine looked familiar and I found out later that in his civilian days Fassy had worked in Shanty restaurants in New York.

While I was standing there, a young seaman stencilled Sitnitsky popped his head into the galley to ask for some soap powder so he could wash his clothes. Fassy poured some out of a vast carton into a pail of hot water the boy held. " 'Not recommended for delicate fabrics,' " the steward read from the carton, then roared, "So don't use it on your dainty lingerie!"

Since the frankfurters and beans were ready, I returned to the wardroom. There the board of strategy was again in session. The beach we were headed for was near the American line, only a mile or two from Port-en-Bessin, where the British area began. Eighteen years before I had walked along the tops of the same cliffs the Americans would be fighting under. In those days I had thought of it as holiday country, not sufficiently spectacular to attract *le grand tourisme* but beautiful in a reasonable, Norman way. This illogically made the whole operation seem less sinister to me. Two pillboxes showed plainly on photographs we had, and, in addition, there were two houses that looked suspiciously like shells built around other pillboxes. Our intelligence people had furnished us with extraordinarily detailed charts of gradients in the beach and correlated tide tables. The charts later proved to be extraordinarily accurate, too.

"What worries me about landing is the bomb holes the Air Forces may leave in the beach before we hit," the commander was saying when I entered. "The chart may show three feet of water, but the men may step into a ten-foot hole anywhere. I'd rather the Air Forces left the beach alone and just let the naval guns knock out the beach defenses. They're accurate."

The general plan, I knew, was for planes and big guns of the fleet to put on an intensive bombardment before the landing. A couple of weeks earlier I had heard a Marine colonel on the planning staff tell how the guns would hammer the pillboxes, leaving only a few stunned defenders for the Infantry to gather up on their way through to positions inland.

"We're lucky," the commander said. "This beach looks like a soft one."

His opinion, in conjunction with frankfurters and beans, made me happy.

WE didn't get our passengers aboard until Saturday. On Friday I spent my time in alternate stretches of talk with the men on deck and the officers in the wardroom. Back in Sicily, the

LISTEN: JULY 1, 1944

Here are two letters of many that have come to CBS. The first, to Paul White, is from a woman living on an army post in California. The second, to Quentin Reynolds, CBS news analyst, is from a woman living in the East. Because they reflect what radio is humbly trying to do, we reprint them (with permission) in full.

I

"My dear Mr. White:

"It is 0321 (3:21 a.m.) here on the Pacific Coast. I was fortunate enough to hear the first radio news of D-Day break from CBS this morning, as I have spent all my evenings waiting at the radio these past two months.

"My interest is a bit more personal because of my husband...Though I am excited and nervous, there is a certain relief in the news finally coming through. Yet I want to thank you and CBS for the exacting details you have perfected to make these broadcasts possible. For years we have depended on the facilities for 'first' news—have followed the dark years in enjoying William Shirer in Berlin and Edward R. Murrow in London. Each afternoon out here at 1545 (3:45 p.m.) I listen in on *The World Today.*

"This morning it was a pleasant surprise to hear you and Mr. Murrow speak via transatlantic telephone or radio—gave me a feeling that though I'm at least one world's distance from my husband and alone, I will not feel that way as long as you and your competent staff keep on the job. My sincere appreciation of all the long hours of preliminary work that preceded the invasion broadcast.

"There is so much I'd like to tell you of—what CBS has meant as a radio network to us, living a military existence for many years, keeping watch of world events—from China to Berlin and back again, all via your stations. I'm too confused at this time perhaps to say what I mean...Still it all boils down to a huge thank you!

"Good luck to you all in your good work—well done. Sincerely,"

(And she signs...)

II

"Dear Mr. Reynolds:

"It was with the deepest gratitude that I heard your speech yesterday over WABC. My husband...was killed in his Spitfire over Dieppe on that day of August 19, 1942—the first American fighter pilot believed to have been lost in the European theatre. After almost two years of hearing the words 'disgrace of Dieppe', 'worthless bloodshed' and 'the Dieppe failure', I had to come to the conclusion that only those of us who *had* lost someone there that day could possibly know the sorrow and anger such a national reaction could bring. It is a hard thing to be told that you have lost your husband for a failure, for a national disgrace. I had the feeling that people would like to forget his sacrifice, because it had accomplished nothing.

"And so, during all the wild excitement and exhilaration of yesterday morning, I kept wishing that...he could have been there too, that he could have shared in the honor and thrill of a successful landing on the shores of 'Hitler's Europe'; that he could have been flying with his squadron on this other and more fruitful mission.

"It was then that you spoke, and the pride and gratitude that I felt cannot be easily expressed on paper...I can only say that I felt with you, that he *was* there and that, through his share in his mission two years ago, he was guiding these flyers in, saving the lives of hundreds of other young men, and that now I could know he died for a reason.

"I should be deeply indebted to you if you could let me have a copy of your talk, so that his son could know what, in the eyes of one who had been at Dieppe and at many other scenes of action in this war, his father had accomplished for him."

(And her signature...)

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ship had been unable to get off after grounding at Licata, a boatswain's mate named Pendleton told me. "She got hit so bad we had to leave her," he said, "and for three days we had to live in foxholes just like Infantrymen. Didn't feel safe a minute. We was sure glad to get back on the ship. Guess she had all her bad luck that trip."

Pendleton, a large, fair-haired fellow who was known to his shipmates as the Little Admiral, came from Neodesha, Kansas. "They never heard of the Coast Guard out there," he said. "Nobody but me. I knew I would have to go in some kind of service and I was reading in a Kansas City paper one day that the Coast Guard would send a station wagon to your house to get you if it was within a day's drive of their recruiting station. So I wrote 'em. Never did like to walk."

Sitnitsky was washing underclothes at a sink aft of the galley once when I came upon him. When he saw me, he said, "The fois' ting I'm gonna do when I get home is buy my mudder a Washington machine. I never realize what the old lady was up against."

Our neighbor LCIL, tied alongside us, got her soldier passengers late Friday night. The tide was low and the plank leading down to our ship from the dock was at a steep angle as men came aboard grumbling and filed across our deck to the other LCIL. "Didjever see a goddam gangplank in the right place?" one man called over his shoulder as he eased himself down with his load. I could identify a part of a mortar on his back, in addition to a full pack. "All aboard for the second Oran," another soldier yelled, and a third man, passing by the emblems painted on the bridge, as he crossed our ship, yelled, "Sicily! *They* been there, too." So I knew these men were part of the First Division, which landed at Oran in Africa in 1942 and later fought in Sicily. I think I would have known anyway by the beefing. The First Division is always beefing about something, which adds to its effectiveness as a fighting unit.

The next day the soldiers were spread all over the LCIL next door, most of them reading paper-cover, armed-services editions of books. They were just going on one more trip, and they didn't seem excited about it. I overheard a bit of technical conversation when I leaned over the rail to visit with a few of them. "Me, I like a bar [Browning automatic rifle]," a sergeant was saying to a private. "You can punch a lot of tickets with one of them."

The private, a rangy middleweight with a small, close-cropped head and a rectangular profile, said, "I'm going into this one with a pickaxe and a block of TNT. It's an interesting assignment. I'm going to work on each pillbox individually," he added, carefully pronouncing each syllable.

When I spoke to them, the sergeant said, "Huh! A correspondent! Why don't they give the First Division some credit?"

"I guess you don't read much if you say that, Sarge," a tall blond boy with a Southern accent said. "There's a whole book of funnies called 'Terry Allen and the First Division at El Guettar.' "

All three men were part of an Infantry regiment. The soldier who was going to work on pillboxes asked if I was from New York, and said that he was from the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn. "I am only sorry my brother-in-law is not here," he said. "My brother-in-law is an M.P. He is six inches bigger than me. He gets an assignment in New York. I would like to see him here. He would be apprehensive." He went on to say that the company he was with had been captured near the end of the African campaign, when, after being cut off by the Germans, it had expended all its ammunition. He had been a prisoner in Tunis for a few hours, until the British arrived and set him free. "There are some nice broads in Tunis," he said. "I had a hell of a time." He nodded toward the book he was holding. "These little books are a great thing," he said. "They take you away. I remember when my battalion was cut off on top of a hill at El Guettar, I read a whole book in one day. It was called 'Knight Without Armor.' This one I am reading now is called 'Candide.' It is kind of unusual, but I like it. I think the fellow who wrote it, Voltaire, used the same gag too often, though. The characters are always getting killed and then turning out not to have been killed after all, and they tell their friends what happened to them in the meantime. I like the character in it called Pangloss."

Fassy was lounging near the rail and I called him over to meet a brother Brooklynite. "Brooklyn is a beautiful place to live in," Fassy said. "I have bush Number Three at Prospect Park."

"I used to have bush Number Four," the soldier said.

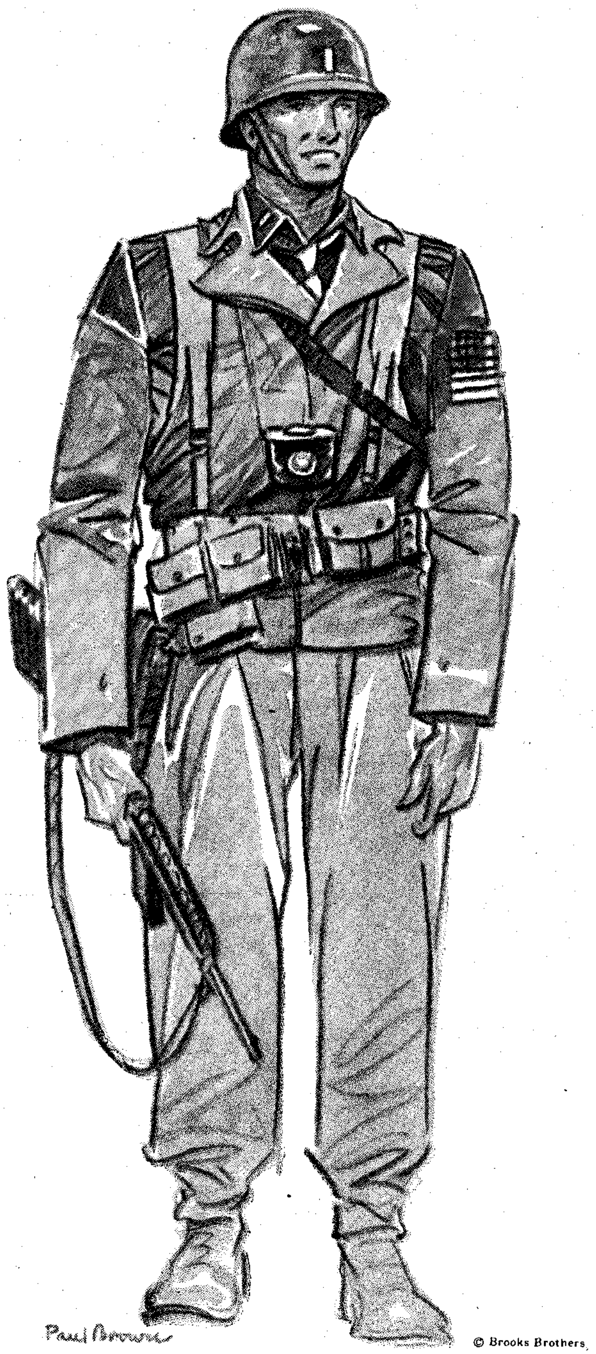
"You remind me of a fellow named

Sidney Wetzelbaum," Fassy said. "Are you by any chance related?"

I left them talking.

OUR own passengers came aboard later in the day. There were two groups—a platoon of the commander's beach battalion and a platoon of amphibious engineers. The beach-battalion men were sailors dressed like soldiers, except that they wore black jerseys under their field jackets; among them were a medical unit and a hydrographic unit. The engineers included an M.P. detachment, a chemical-warfare unit, and some demolition men. A beach battalion is a part of the Navy that goes ashore; amphibious engineers are a part of the Army that seldom has its feet dry. Together they form a link between the land and sea forces. These two detachments had rehearsed together in landing exercises, during which they had travelled aboard our LCIL. Unlike the Coastguardsmen or the Infantry on the next boat, they had never been in the real thing before and were not so offhand about it. Among them were a fair number of men in their thirties. I noticed one chief petty officer with the Navy crowd who looked about fifty. It was hard to realize that these older men had important and potentially dangerous assignments which called for a good deal of specialized skill; they seemed to me more out of place than the Infantry kids. Some sailors carried carbines and most of the engineers had rifles packed in oilskin cases. There were about a hundred and forty men in all. The old chief, Joe Smith, who was the first of the lot I got to know, said he had been on battleships in the last war and had been recalled from the fleet reserves at the beginning of this. He took considerable comfort from the fact that several aged battleships would lay down a barrage for us before we went in. You could see that he was glad to be aboard a ship again, even if it was a small one and he would be on it for only a couple of days. He was a stout, red-faced, merry man whose home town was Spring Lake, New Jersey. "I'm a tomato squeezer," he told me. "Just a country boy."

Cases of rations had been stacked against the superstructure for the passengers' use. The galley wasn't big enough to provide complete hot meals for them but it did provide coffee, and their own cook warmed up canned stew and corned beef for them for one meal. The rest of the time they seemed simply to rummage among the cans until they found something they liked and then ate



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Boil 4 large potatoes in jackets, peel and then while still warm, dice, add salt, pepper, one chopped onion. Blend ½ c. Durkee's Dressing, ½ c. mayonnaise; mix well into salad. Add Durkee's celery seed, 3 sliced, hard-boiled eggs. Garnish with sliced, stuffed olives. Chill, add dash of Durkee's Paprika before serving.

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it. They ate pretty steadily, because there wasn't much else for them to do.

Our landing craft had four sleeping compartments belowdecks. The two forward ones, which were given over to passengers, contained about eighty bunks apiece. Most of the crew slept in the third compartment, amidships, and a number of petty officers and noncoms slept in the fourth, the smallest one, aft. I had been sleeping in this last one myself since coming aboard, because there was only one extra bunk for an officer and the commander had that. Four officers who came aboard with the troops joined me in this compartment. There were two sittings at the wardroom table for meals, but we managed to wedge eight men in there at one time for a poker game.

THERE was no sign of a move Saturday night, and on Sunday morning everybody aboard began asking when we were going to shove off. The morning sun was strong and the crew mingled with the beach-battalion men and the soldiers on deck. It was the same on board every other LCIL in the long double row. The port didn't look like Sheepshead Bay now, for every narrow boat was covered with men in drab-green field jackets, many of them wearing tin hats, because the easiest way not to lose a tin hat in a crowd is to wear it. The small ships and helmets pointed up the analogy to a crusade and made the term seem less threadbare than it usually does. We were waiting for weather, as many times the crusaders, too, had waited, but nobody thought of praying for it, not even the chaplain who came aboard in mid-morning to conduct services. He was a captain attached to the amphibious engineers, a husky man I had noticed throwing a football around on the dock the previous day. He took his text from Romans: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" He didn't seem to want the men to get the idea that we were depending entirely on faith, however. "Give us that dynamic, that drive, which, coupled with our matchless super-modern weapons, will ensure victory," he prayed. After that, he read aloud General Eisenhower's message to the Allied Expeditionary Force.

After the services, printed copies of Eisenhower's message were distributed to all hands on board. Members of our ship's crew went about getting autographs of their shipmates on their "Eisenhowers", which they apparently intended to keep as souvenirs of the invasion. Among the fellows who came to me for my signature was the ship's coxswain, a long-legged, serious-looking young man, from a little town in Mississippi, who had talked to me several times before because he wanted to be a newspaperman after the war. He had had one year at Tulane, in New Orleans, before joining up with the Coast Guard, and he hoped he could finish up later. The coxswain, I knew, would be the first man out of the ship when she grounded, even though he was a member of the crew. It was his task to run a guideline ashore in front of the disembarking soldiers. Then, when he had arrived in water only a foot or two deep, he would pull on the line and bring an anchor floating in after him, the anchor being a light one tied in a life jacket so that it would float. He would then fix the anchor—without the life jacket, of course—and return to the ship. This procedure had been worked out after a number of soldiers had been drowned on landing exercises by stepping into unexpected depressions in the beach after they had left the landing craft. Soldiers, loaded down with gear, had simply disappeared. With a guideline to hold onto, they could have struggled past bad spots. I asked the boy what he was going to wear when he went into the water with the line and he said just swimming trunks and a tin hat. He said he was a fair swimmer.

The rumor got about that we would sail that evening, but late in the afternoon the skipper told me we weren't going to. I learned that the first elements of the invasion fleet, the slowest ones, had gone out but had met rough weather in the Channel and had returned, because they couldn't have arrived at their destination in time. Admiral Hall had told correspondents that there would be three successive days when tide conditions on the Norman beaches would be right and that if we missed them the expedition might have to be put off, so I knew that we now had one strike on us, with only two more chances.

That evening, in the wardroom, we had a long session of a wild, distant derivative of poker called "high low rollem." Some young officers who had come aboard with the troops introduced it. We used what they called "funny money" for chips—five-franc notes printed in America and issued to the troops for use after they got ashore. It was the first time I had seen these notes, which reminded me of old-time cigar-store coupons. There was nothing on them to indicate who authorized them or would pay off on them—just "*Emis en France*" on one side and on the other side the tricolor and "*Liberté*, *Egalité*, *Fraternité*." In the game were three beach-battalion officers, a medical lieutenant (j.g.) named Davey, from Philadelphia, and two ensigns—a big, ham-handed college football player from Danbury, Connecticut, named Vaghi, and a blocky, placid youngster from Chicago named Reich. The commander of the engineer detachment, the only Army officer aboard, was a first lieutenant named Miller, a sallow, apparently nervous boy who had started to grow an ambitious black beard.

Next morning the first copy of the *Stars and Stripes* to arrive on board gave us something new to talk about. It carried the story of the premature invasion report by the Associated Press in America. In an atmosphere heavy with unavowed anxiety, the story hit a sour note. "Maybe they let out more than *Stars and Stripes* says," somebody in the wardroom said. "Maybe they not only announced the invasion but told where we had landed. I mean, where we *planned* to land. Maybe the whole deal will be called off now." The commander, who had spent so much time pondering element C, said, "Add obstacles—element A.P." A report got about among the more pessimistic crew members that the Germans had been tipped off and would be ready for us. The Allied high command evidently did not read the *Stars and Stripes*, however, for Rigg, after going ashore for a brief conference, returned with the information that we were shoving off at five o'clock. I said to myself, in the great cliché of the second World War, "This is it," and so, I suppose, did every other man in our fleet of little ships when he heard the news. —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

CASE B-268: Maye D., aged 26, has been married for six months.

"I am married to a man I have known for five years," she said. "We lived in different cities and wrote to each other quite often, though we didn't have many dates.

"I felt like I knew him well enough to marry him, as he had often asked me. Being so lonely, I finally decided to do so.

"Now since marrying him, I find that his English grammar and vocabulary are terrible."—*Miami Herald.*

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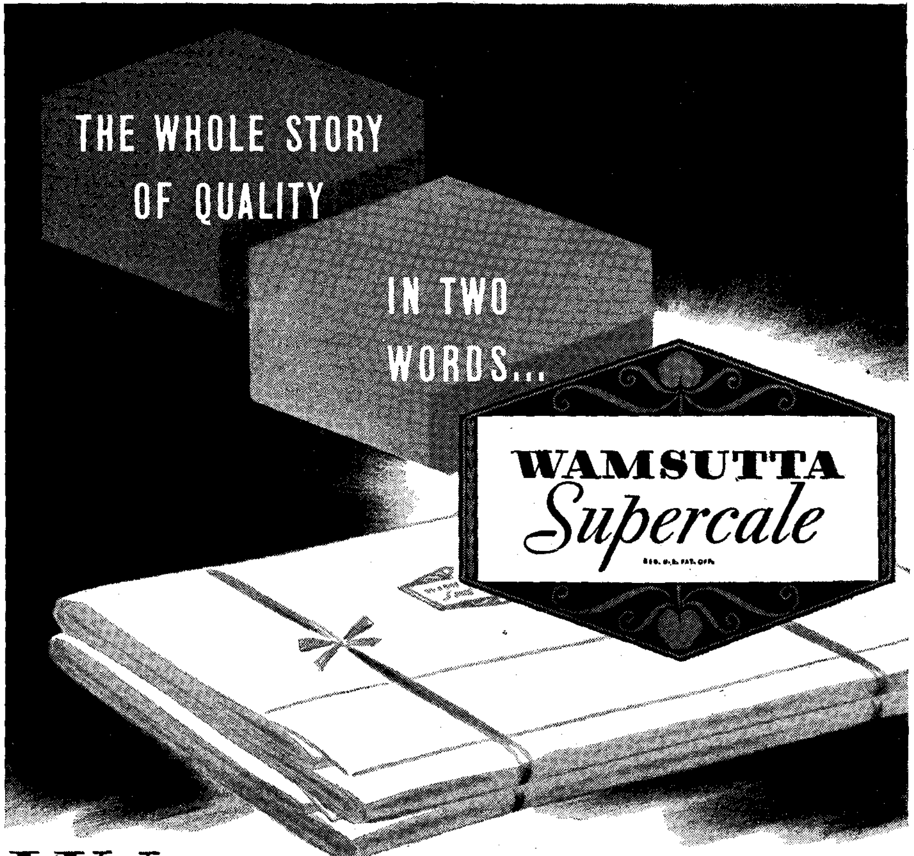

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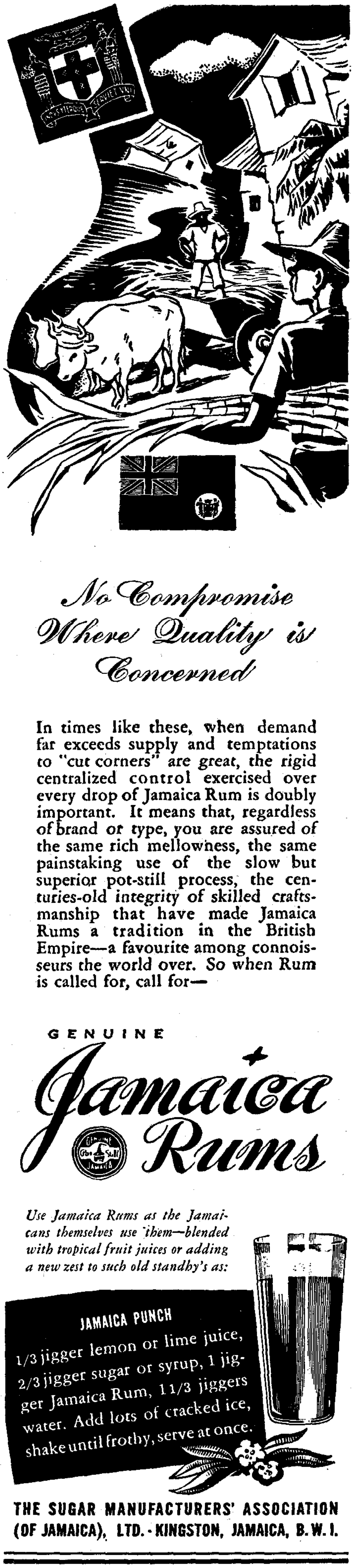

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Renovations

AS the ads are probably pointing out, there is a new Deanna Durbin in "Christmas Holiday," Herman J. Mankiewicz's rather successful adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name. The new Deanna has hair of a less conservative shade than formerly and in one scene wears an evening gown that is a far cry from dirndls and jumpers. She plays the wife of a man serving a life sentence for the murder of a bookmaker, a new sort of background for her and one which has naturally called for alterations. One reason she has been chosen for this part seems to be that the story also tells about a time, before all the trouble came, when the heroine was just a girl from Vermont who worked in an office and went to symphony concerts when she could afford them. The scene of the story, which was France in the book, is now New Orleans, where the girl's career has somehow taken her and where, at a concert, she meets a young man, played by Gene Kelly, who belongs to an old Creole family. The young man turns out to be not much good, but only after she has married him, and then he reveals his unreliable side by committing the murder aforesaid. Blaming herself for not having been a stronger influence on her husband, the girl does a kind of penance by taking a job as singer and hostess in what must be described as something of a joint.

Handicapped though she is by chubby cheeks, Miss Durbin does quite all right in the sophisticated phase of her rôle, and there's no reason why she shouldn't continue to branch out in the future. It's too bad, though, that screen writers have so much trouble making bad girls bad. We have the heroine's word in this case that she is leading a degraded life, but that's all we have, since what we get to see of her conduct is unimpeachable. Incidentally, for the purposes of dive singing, Miss Durbin has unlearned her classical lessons and developed tricks like sliding into her notes and holding the consonant sounds in her words instead of the vowels. Mr. Kelly, who does no dancing on this job, plays the charming but degenerate Southern scion pretty well.

It's a sad, true commentary on the art of movie writing that you could guess without reading the screen credits that the characters in this story, as well as the comparatively imaginative story itself, might have been found in a book somewhere and were not the original work of a professional Hollywood writer. This novel of Mr. Maugham's, as a novel, is not rated as deathless, but, purely from the standpoint of character development and solidity of plot, it turns into a far more durable screen play than most. The reason for this is that it is not the result of an executive decision to shoot a picture about New Orleans, which would mean sending out for a writer or two or three to knock out a few boy-and-girl ideas on which to hang a series of postcard shots of the French Quarter. Instead, the story was written as something that would have to stand up by itself, and then, in the shooting, the atmosphere fell where it might. This is not an argument for the exclusive use of best-selling fiction as a source for movies. The British often manage to produce pictures whose plot and characters were devised solely for those pictures and yet look as though a certain amount of thought might have gone into them. It's a matter of starting with the foundation and working up.

"CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY" is not the only new movie to be had this week. There's "The Mask of Dimitrios," taken from one of Eric Ambler's fast, Continental cops-and-robbers novels, in which Peter Lorre steps out of type, like Miss Durbin, and plays a mild detective-story writer. Sydney Greenstreet is a sympathetic character, too, just to complete the week's confusion. The picture may be worth your while, although it's much slower than the book. . . . "Forty-eight Hours" is a good little British import about a small, imaginary invasion by the Germans. As usual in British movies about the war, everything gets worse and worse for the home team until it looks as though they're altogether done for. They're not, though. . . . Then there's "Attack!," the Signal Corps' documentary about the New Britain campaign. This is strong, authentic stuff, like all the Signal Corps' camera work, and it would be dereliction of duty to miss it.

—DAVID LARDNER

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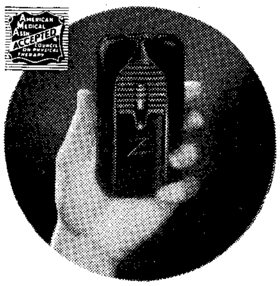
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

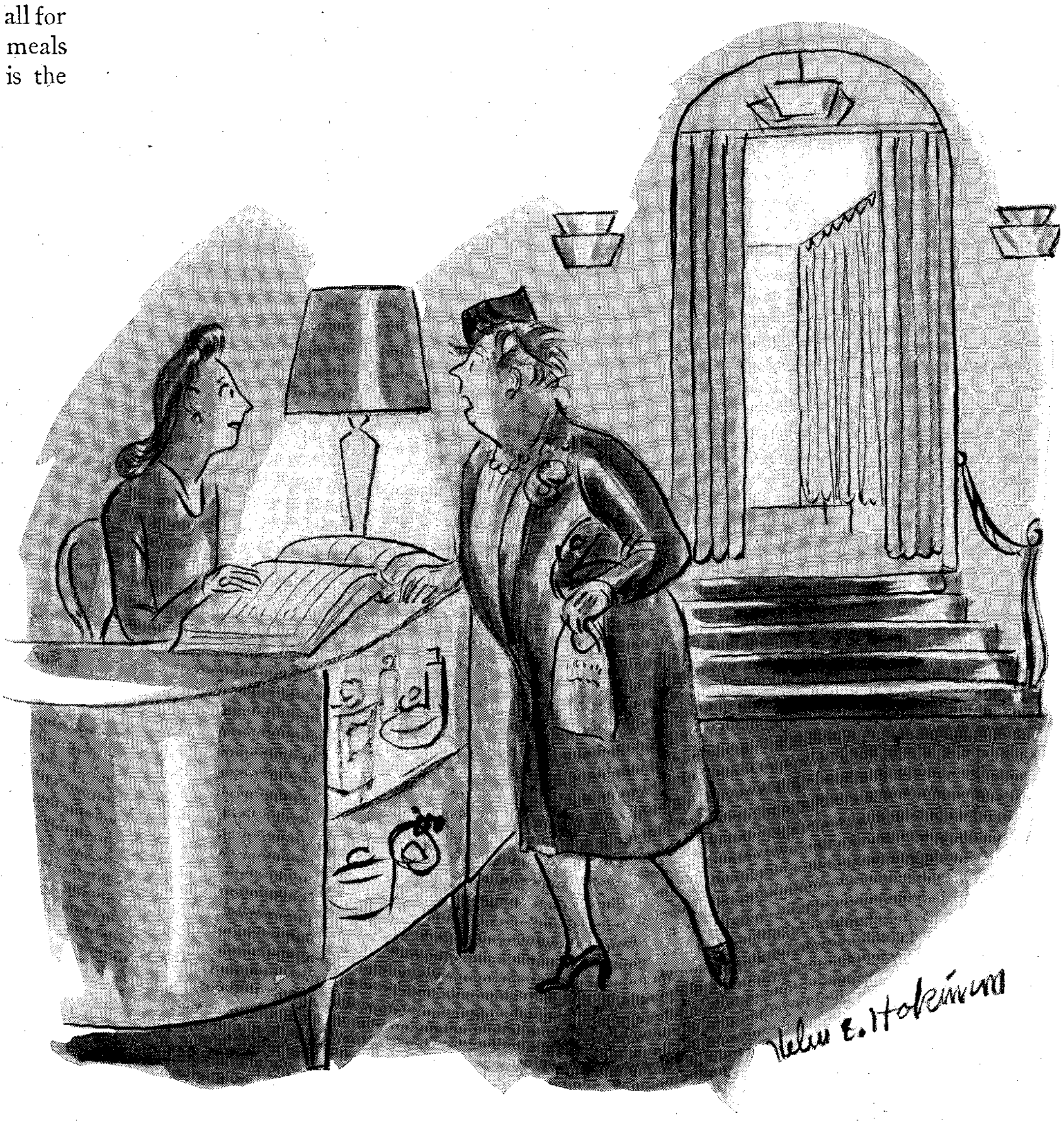
ABOUT THE HOUSE

INFORMATION

IT just can't be true that all Chinese are artists to their finger tips and are incapable of less than perfection in their crafts, but there really is little to upset this fond notion in the wares to be found at the United China Relief Shop, 444 Madison Avenue (50th). Even the most modest objects in the place, some flat-bottomed serving spoons of the familiar blue-and-white or flowery china—like the ones encountered in Chinese restaurants around town, and offered here at from twenty-five to fifty cents—are a pleasure just to pick up and handle, besides being practical tools of honest, functional design. Rice bowls, noodle platters, and covered dishes, all for serving up home-cooked Chinese meals in what the Chinese would say is the proper style, might seem prosaic things to an Oriental but to me (I'm an Occidental) they're distinctly romantic. I don't know why a well-cooked Moo Goo Guy Pan should seem better if brought to the table in a boat-shaped covered dish or chow mein should seem better if spooned from a round, shallow covered casserole in Canton china, but take my word for it, it does. The prices are $6 for the boat-shaped dish, $6.50 for the casserole. There are small covered soup bowls, too, each on its own plate, at $2.50 for plate, bowl, and cover. Or you may want to splurge on more costly Celadon and Blanc de Chine bowls, or large, one-of-a-kind plates in Oriental Lowestoft; $10 each.

This shop also has wicker tea-cozy baskets, elaborately padded inside to make a nest into which a tall, beautiful, two-quart earthenware teapot is snugly fitted; $15 for the whole business. And there are guest books, covered in Chinese silks and brocades ($2.50), for those who like such things; and sets of pewter teacups and saucers, the cups porcelain-lined and each piece nested securely (the Chinese obviously have a passion for nesting) in its own compartment in a velvet-lined box—from $35 for a set of four cups and saucers to $65 for a set of (don't ask me why) seven. Hand mirrors, done in a style I suppose must be called Chinese rococo, are elaborate affairs of gilt and enamel, set with semi-precious stones and sometimes having ivory or jade handles; from $15. Metal trays (real metal!), with gilt designs on black, are $20 and $30; and there are endless bolts of pure raw silk, $7 a yard, fifty-four inches wide, and in colors like shrimp pink, salmon, golden yellow, and reseda green—incomparable stuff for curtains, with its look of spongy cotton and its way of draping like some heavy, soft damask.

Chinese ancestor portraits (the department-store decorator's delight) are, of course, no novelty in this town, but at the United China Relief Shop you can find, in addition to the customary assortment of poster-like ones conventionally framed in bamboo, some, delicately copied by contemporary Chinese artists, on scrolls which open out into tall, narrow, silk panels. These are ready to hang, and are pleasant wall decorations at $10 each. If you want to cover a lot of wall space with something that verges on the overwhelming, you might look at some charcoal copies of drawings found on the walls of Chinese tombs, such as an enormous panel, six feet by seven, showing an ancient emperor's favorite horse; $35. I leave that up to you. Finally, if you want to spend a small fortune on a rare screen, there is a six-fold one in black lacquer, inlaid from end to end with turquoise, carnelian, Souchow jade, and mother-of-



"Can you help me? I've suddenly remembered a Vassar alumnae luncheon!"

pearl, which is the shop's most staggering treasure.

THE war effort having found more important uses for almost all the materials which once made impervious-to-everything surfaces for serving trays and tables, it's been a big year for non-priority ceramic tiles. Some of the best yet have turned up at Cauman, 14 East 50th Street. They are the work of Esteban Soriano. These tiles, some of them hand-painted and some made from stencils, come from the kiln looking like freshly done small paintings. Soriano does landscapes, portraits, caricatures, subway and café crowds, and, ad infinitum, children. It's easy to see why the Caumans have yielded to the temptation to frame a lot of them, especially the children, for hanging.

Hand-painted Soriano tiles, and there are literally hundreds of them, are $5 each, unframed. They also come in sets of four, six, or more, making one large design, to be mounted as a tray or table-top unit. Large, compartmented cheese-and-crackers trays of natural wood, one tile set in the centre of each, are $10. Tiles made from stencils of Soriano designs are $1, and these have been used to surface Rebecca Cauman's famous wrought-iron, drop-leaf tables (cocktail or coffee size, $45), which are still on hand at the shop. Some of the hand-painted tiles have been mounted on wood, as bookends ($20 a pair). Others make the lids of square wooden boxes, useful for a number of things; $15. Since the lids are not attached and have felt underneath, they may be used as tea tiles in a pinch. Soriano has also made square coasters, decorated with still-lifes and landscapes. They're saucer size and depressed in the centre to keep the glass from skidding; $12 a dozen.

Paintings by the same artist may be done to order upon window blinds—your own, if you'll carry them in to the shop, or fresh linen ones which Cauman can supply. There are circus, farmyard, and zoo designs, or he'll do lush splashes of flowers and foliage; these last are especially nice if you're planning—the shortage of fabrics being what it is—to dispense with curtains and draperies for the summer. Any of these will stand you about $10 to $15 a window.

A NEW room show at McCutcheon has four single rooms fitted up for women living alone, and the hints the store offers on what can be done to make small quarters and the solo

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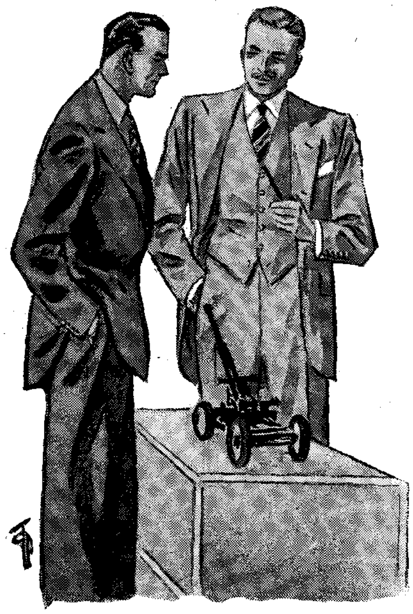

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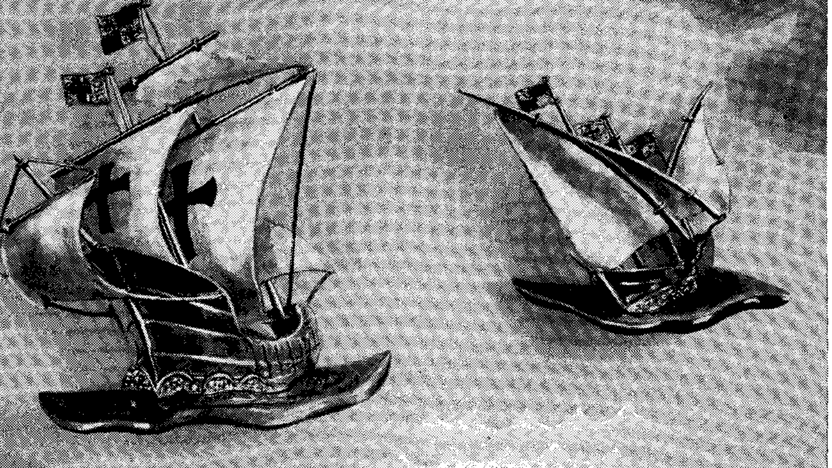
Cartier



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Brave ships of Columbus — full sail to America! Beautifully fashioned, boat in gold, mother-of-pearl sails, red enamel crosses, and diamond accents. Flagship Santa Maria, $870; smaller ship Nina, $600. Prices include 20% Federal Tax.

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life agreeable are good, sound ones, if not in any way startling or revolutionary. The display was planned to be useful to women who expect neither to call in professional help nor to go to a great deal of expense about their decorating. Better take a notebook, or use that photographic eye. . . . Every now and then Russian War Relief, Inc., on the fifth floor at 11 East 35th Street, offers a few items of merchandise for sale. Right now it has on hand some party accessories—an alcohol-proofed wooden cocktail tray which doesn't pretend to be heirloom material but is gay ($2), with paper luncheon and cocktail napkins and coasters to match, all bearing the likeness of Petka, the Russian rooster; ceramic tiles at $1 each, bearing Russian scenes; ashtrays, again showing Petka (fifty cents); and an admirable, if smallish, shopping or knitting bag of navy cotton twill, lined in red and decorated with a red Russian War Relief emblem ($1.75). . . . Altman is showing, right in the table-linens department, some new fifty-two-inch cotton prints by Elza of Hollywood which are the easiest things in the world to cut up into tablecloths and napkins, mat sets, chair-pad covers, aprons, and so on, because the designs are laid on in squares (one square makes one napkin, two a sizable oblong place mat, and so on). They are $1.95 a yard for a luscious strawberry pattern on white, a bowknot design, and others. —B. B.

•

The scherzo is brilliant, somewhat in the satirical manner of a dance, and on the Prokofieffian side, with a richer alternating section which has inter-relation to other parts of the symphony. The tripartite finale begins with a long ostinato, with calls and ejaculations of wind and brass instruments over the whirring accompaniment, then a passacaglia, serene, exalted in mood, based on a thematic fragment made from an earlier page, and under initial impressions the best part of the work; then a final section which is consummative, inclusive of a good deal of earlier thematic material, some of which is fugued, with a growing transparency of the instrumentation and a tender mystical ending on the clear C major chord.—*Olin Downes in the Times.*

Well, *that's* a break, anyway.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

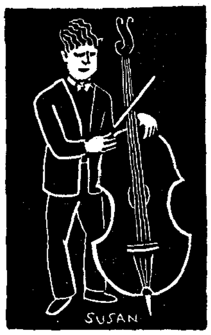
[*From the Rochester Times-Union*]

A combination of business with pleasure is in store for teams who will participate in the membership drive of Monroe County League for Planned Parenthood when they gather Sunday night at Eastman House as guests of Mrs. Alan Valentine.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Two Twenty-Sevens

THE opening of the summer-concert season in the Lewisohn Stadium last week was a thoroughly genial occasion. There were many old friends on hand, including the Philharmonic-Symphony, Liszt's "Les Préludes," Sam A. Lewisohn, Mayor LaGuardia (both of whom appeared as speakers during the intermission), and the neighborly sort of audience you almost always find at the Stadium. Even the Stadium débutants of the evening—Fritz Kreisler, the soloist, and Sir Thomas Beecham, the conductor—belong in the category of old friends and they both seemed entirely at home in their open-air surroundings, although Mr. Kreisler departed a bit from the conventional Stadium unconventionality by appearing in full evening dress.



Musically, the concert was one of the most attractive the Stadium has had in all of its twenty-seven years. Sir Thomas and the orchestra turned in smooth, well-modelled performances. Mr. Kreisler played his own arrangement of Tchaikovsky's violin concerto with his familiar tone and charm, and rewarded the appreciative patrons with his "Caprice Viennois," as an encore. You don't often hear such extras at symphony concerts in the winter season, but they are a Stadium custom whenever soloists are around. Artur Rubinstein appeared Thursday evening for a rousing presentation of Rachmaninoff's C-minor piano concerto. When, afterward, the audience lingered in expectation of a short recital from the brilliant pianist, he gave it to them.

Sir Thomas, who directed all the first week's concerts, shrewdly mixed familiar music and the not-so-familiar. It's hardly necessary to compose any new rhapsodies about the mastery of his conducting, but it might still be noted that he makes everything sound fresh, even a piece of music you've been hearing regularly for at least twenty-seven years. "Les Préludes," for instance, which has been beaten into standardized grooves, became unusually convincing under his leadership. "Scheherazade," in spite of a few clinkers in the playing, sounded *à la carte* rather than *table d'hôte,* and the waltz from Tchaikovsky's Serenade for String Orchestra, Opus 48, was given an easy gaiety by Sir Thomas.

The Stadium Concerts, for the record, are scheduled to go on nightly at eight-thirty through August 13th. The conductors will be Alexander Smallens, Efrem Kurtz, Robert Stolz, Vladimir Golschmann, Leonard Bernstein, Fabien Sevitzky, and Lorin Maazel. Don't be surprised, however, if additional maestri turn up now and then, as they have in other seasons.

THE Goldman Band, which you'll find on the Mall in Central Park Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, the other nights of the week, is also beginning its twenty-seventh season of summer concerts. Edwin Franko Goldman, who has been conductor of these concerts since they began, has retained many of the best features of traditional band concerts and has added to his programs a lot of music that you would never have associated with bands twenty-seven years ago. Along with marches, overtures, and cornet solos, you'll find many Bach transcriptions, works by Prokofieff, Shostakovich, and Stravinsky and other present-day masters, and a liberal representation of novelties.

These concerts, which are the gift of the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation, start at eight-thirty, both in Manhattan and Brooklyn, and are listed for every evening through August 13th except July 31st.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

While waiting for a bus you can do a neck exercise without any one realizing it. Stand tall: Turn the head toward the left so that the chin is over the left shoulder. Turn it forward. Now turn it to the right. Turn forward. Do not lift the chin, but keep it level with the floor. If you do this slowly no one will even notice it.

—*Toronto Globe and Mail.*

And if you do it *very* slowly, you won't even see the bus when it comes.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the San Francisco Examiner*]

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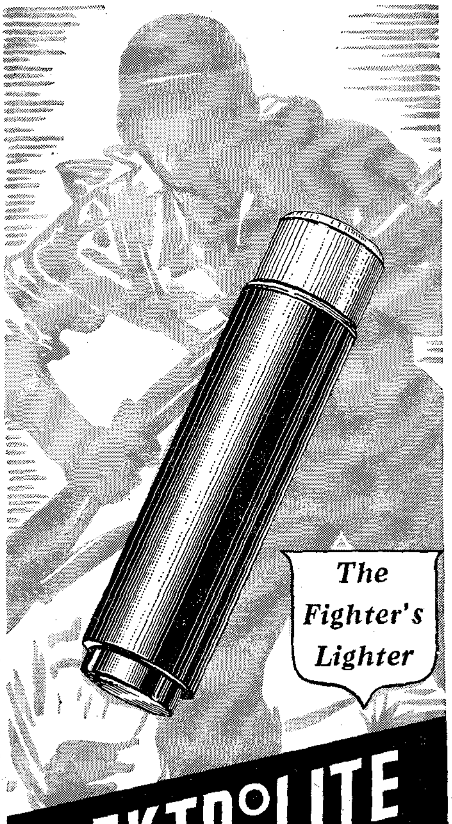

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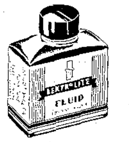
*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request



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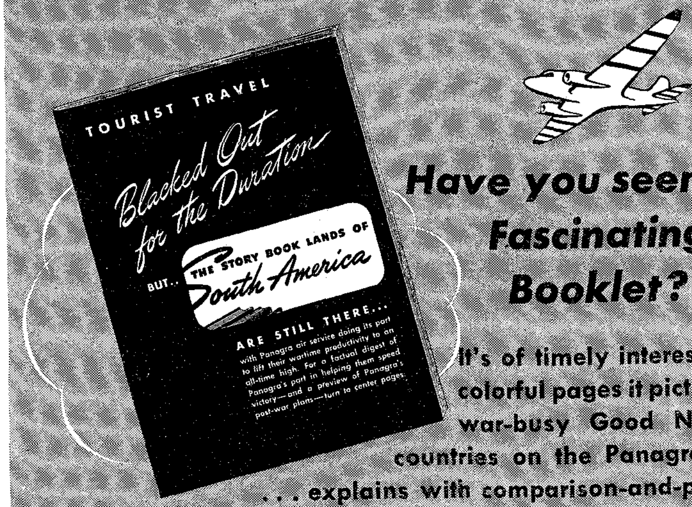

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OF ALL THINGS

According to underground reports, the German generals have persuaded Hitler to leave France so that his name will not be connected with another defeat. Presumably he has retired to Berchtesgaden, where he has never lost a battle.

•

The news from the Cherbourg peninsula and from the Marianas offered strong competition to the G.O.P. convention in Chicago. A suspicious Republican might almost think the Democrats planned it that way.

•

The loss of more island bases should not cause the Japanese any undue worry. What with one thing and another, the Japs don't need as many landing fields as they did.

•

Many people believe that Oliver Lyttelton's boner about the cause of our war with Japan has been overemphasized by our politicians and press. Just the same, someone had to tell him his slip was showing.

•

At this writing, the G.O.P. resolutions committee is preparing to advocate a big drop in postwar taxes, a balanced budget, and a reduction of the national debt. It's nice to know that somebody still believes in miracles.

•

General Eisenhower reveals that French patriots are doing a splendid job of sabotaging German communications. It's always a pleasure to announce that local boys are making good.

•

Eric Johnston reports that the Soviet Union is prepared to spend billions for our goods after the war. We may yet come to know how it feels to be bought by Moscow gold.

•

Miss Mary Anderson of the Labor Department demands that something be done to improve the girdle situation. Many working women, she says, are now without invisible means of support.

•

Herbert Morrison, British Minister of Home Security, asserts that the German robot bombs have caused little important damage. He would probably admit, however, that the damn things are pleasanter to give than to receive.

—Howard Brubaker

LETTER FROM LISBON

JUNE 25 (BY CABLE)

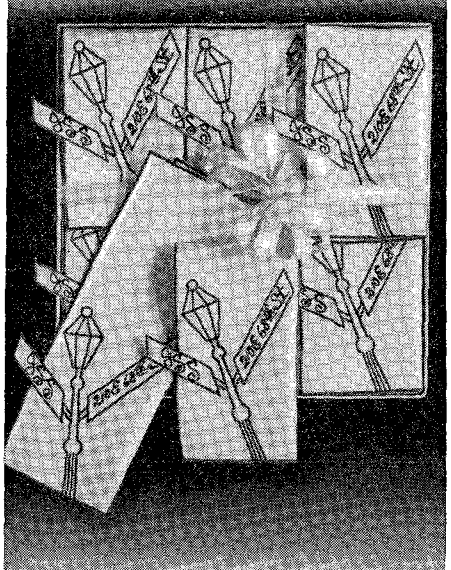
SO far, the repercussions of the Allied landings in France have been slight in this capital. On D Day, the British-American colony here held a service at the Church of the Estrela. A group of Portuguese stood in the brilliant sun to watch them go in, the diplomatic staffs of both nations consciously grave, the military and naval representatives in the uniforms they may wear only on state occasions. Members of the Chinese and Brazilian legations and representatives of the Free French office here joined the Americans and British in prayer; so did members of the Dutch, Polish, Norwegian, Greek, and Belgian missions. The service was Anglican and brief. In the course of the day, papers were sold out edition after edition, one newsboy being mobbed in the square of the Rocio, and there were a few individual demonstrations of joy at the news from pro-Ally Portuguese. However, the expressions on most Portuguese faces were noncommittal, though you heard the word "invasion" wherever you went. The Portuguese hold fast to their neutrality, which is one of emotion as well as of national policy. There had been a more noticeable reaction to the suspension of wolfram shipments to Germany—worry that reprisals might be the price. All the windows in Lisbon are still taped because of earlier worries. If the Germans here were moved by the D Day news, they didn't show it. They continued to eat, to smile, to appear in their usual haunts. Whether they are ordered to maintain a cheerful front, or are actually not alarmed, or are merely happy to be in a position of comparative, if temporary, safety, it is hard to say. Whatever is the case, they have better face than their Japanese allies, several of whom, on the night of the invasion, were wandering about the Casino at Estoril looking more forlorn than inscrutable. The Japs keep to themselves, apparently because they are not welcome anywhere, even among their tolerant hosts.

However familiar the concept of neutrality may be, the practice of it is constantly surprising to the visiting belligerent. Two members of the German embassy sit next to you in a restaurant; you look at them, they look at you, but they do not exist as fellow-human beings. You have the sensation that there is a pliofilm partition between you and them. They are an exhibit marked "Enemy. Do not touch." There are Nazi posters on many shop fronts and walls. On the newsstands, which seem as profuse and cluttered as our own, *Signal*, an opulent German illustrated monthly, is stacked next to *Collier's*, *Time*, *Life*, and the O.W.I.'s magazine *Victory*. The English *Vogue* is next to the Portuguese *Voga*. The *Daily Telegraph*, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the *Journal de Genève*, *Paris-Soir*—all are there. The O.W.I. publications, especially *Victory*, are bought up as soon as they arrive here. Free copies are supplied to hairdressers and hotels, but they disappear by the end of the first day.

The German propaganda line concentrates largely on the "terror bombings" of the Anglo-American "gangster pilots." This has not been without effect on the neutrals, many of whom are openly deploring American bombing because they feel that since nobody attacked our country, we have no right to lay Europe waste. This attitude, possibly hard to reconcile with the ultra-realistic basis of neutrality, is worth watching. The air waves are, of course, free to all. Anyone who has listened to the shortwave at home knows the sardonic and rather Godlike amusement to be derived from turning from Vichy to Berlin to B.B.C. Here this sort of amusement is easier to come by. On one local radio program there will be a Gershwin record, followed by a German close-harmony crooning of American cowboy songs, followed in turn by the Russian "Song of the Plains." In view of the strong anti-Soviet feeling here, it's always possible that this last number may have been a slip. Of all news broadcasts, those of the B.B.C. still lead the field in clarity of reception and credibility. Vichy is sometimes surprisingly informative. Shortwave from America is hard to get, and as yet few people seem to listen to our London broadcasts.

THE material rewards of neutrality are apparent enough. The men of Portugal are alive and at home, and living is very comfortable for those who have money. Prices have gone up about fifty per cent in the last two years, but there are plenty of people who can afford to pay them. There are also plenty who cannot. The shops in Lisbon are dazzling. You can buy anything from nylons to rubber bathing caps, from Parker pens to Pep. The nylons come from France, are as good as ours, and cost about five dollars. Swiss watches flood the market, and there are armies of tin soldiers. The windows glitter with the traditional Portuguese gold-filigree jewelry. There is an endless choice of beautiful French silks, if you can afford fifteen dollars a yard or more for them. Or you can get a real Piguet or Lelong model from Paris, starting at about a hundred and ten dollars for a day dress that has the typical French excellence of detail. As for local fashions, the heads and feet of the Portuguese women are notable: the hats, Paris-inspired, are towering confections of straw, heavily loaded with ribbon, veiling, or flowers, the crown usually looking like an inverted basket; the shoes have high cork-wedge soles, very practical for the cobbled ramps of Lisbon. For the women who carry utilitarian baskets on their heads, bare feet are even more practical. Liquor is plentiful. Good Scotch comes to about five-fifty a quart; the best English gin, which is growing scarce, costs almost as much. Most people drink the local gin. There is one excellent brand manufactured here by an Englishman named Phazey. The Portuguese wines have strength and character. Rationing exists, but the foreigner is almost unaware of it. There is, however, a shortage of sugar, and the bread is gray, damp, and scarce. Desserts consist of fruit, which abounds, and cheese, which is very good. There is an enormous variety of fresh fish and no lack of meat.

In general, the hotels are modern and immaculate. On the whole, the Portuguese are a clean and tidy people, thoughtful about the comfort of others. In Lisbon proper, the great luxury hotel is the Aviz. It has only thirty-odd rooms, costs upward of fifteen dollars a day (with meals) and seems to be made of solid-gold filigree. High-ranking diplomats and international financiers stay there, as do other people of means who merely want to live as well as they can. The Avenida Palace and the Tivoli are both E. Phillips Oppenheim products, patronized by agents of both camps, while the Francfort is more exclusively a German hangout. Since by this time nearly everyone knows who everyone else is and what he is up to, the spy business is less menacing than it is humorous. There are doubtless plenty of machinations still going on, but the urgency is gone. Friend and foe here are aware that the real doings are on the battle fronts and that Lisbon



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is for the moment chiefly a rumor bed and a sounding board, strangely remote in spite of its nearness to war. The suspicion exists, however, that before long Portugal may become the chief exit for the drowning rats and that some interesting and possibly important faces may be passing through. Sweden is too near Russia, and Switzerland is a trap. As long as the peninsula is not isolated entirely, Portugal is the reasonable alternative.

LISBON is hilly, hot, noisy, and confusing. It is also beautiful, since every height gives a view of the harbor and the avenues are decorated by palms, flowering jacarandas, or brilliant flower beds. The worst traffic congestion is on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, when private cars are allowed on the streets. On other days traffic is confined to taxis and to diplomatic and other cars with special privileges. Whatever their status, all motorists drive wildly and blow their horns every three seconds. The fortunate, to escape the cacophony and heat, live in Estoril and commute by electric railway or car. Estoril, which is at the mouth of the Tagus, twenty miles due west of Lisbon, has a typical Mediterranean resort quality: esplanade palms, *cabanas*, big white hotels, floral patches of magenta and vermilion, expensive small shops, and, commanding all this from a height, the Casino. The stringent beach rules are less Mediterranean. Men must wear trunks and tops; women must wear tops and skirts. Women have been fined five hundred escudos for dropping their shoulder straps. All this has been explained as a reaction to the refugee invasion of 1940, with its supposed exhibitionism. Whatever the reason, it is one of the local gripes among foreigners. The gambling rooms at the Casino are oddly depressing. The overhead lighting is bleak, people do not dress, and there is nothing festive in the air. There is not even the feverish greed of the jewel-encrusted old ladies one used to see in prewar casinos. The Germans are there but only the "smaller" ones. You get the feeling that the big ones don't bother.

The absence of refugees here is very noticeable. Those who have never received their exit visas are still confined to a refugee area in Caldas da Rainha, seventy miles northwest of Lisbon, and will probably stay there indefinitely, either from choice or apathy. All the rest have left the country. The hotels in Estoril, however, still harbor some notable exiles from time to time. Dino Grandi has been here; and so have Juan March, Franco's financier, now in his disfavor, and Alba, Spanish foreign minister under Alfonso. The romantic essence of Portugal, though, is not in the exiles or the diplomatic staffs; it is the actual country, which is far more beautiful than most people know, because it has been far less advertised than other places. The wild beaches of Guincho, the headlands of Cabo da Roca (the Calais of the Atlantic Channel), the steep and ancient hills of Cintra, the old gray palaces smothered in leaves—all this has the pattern of a dream, and blowing through everything continuously is the wind of the open Atlantic, which has an edge and vigor that no Mediterranean wind has.

The Portuguese bullfight is an exciting show, far less bloody and turgid than the Spanish kind. For one thing, the native bullfighter is on horseback; for another, the bull is not killed; finally, his horns are blunted and wrapped so that he cannot gore. The Portuguese fighter in the last important *corrida*, held at the Campo Pequeno, was João Branco Nuncio, elegant in an eighteenth-century black satin suit and a tricorne embroidered with silver. His tasselled horse was equally elegant, with precise, delicate legs and a fine arch to his neck. Nuncio would attract the bull's attention, horse and bull would gallop at each other, Nuncio would plant his dart on the bull's neck, horse and man would sideswipe the horns and trot away. In planting the dart, Nuncio would drop the reins and control the horse with his knees. (Nuncio, by the way, is reported to have been a huge success in Spain, where the crowd at his last *corrida* yelled, "You are no Nuncio, you're the Pope!") On the program with Nuncio in Lisbon this time were the magnificent *espada* Manolete, who is Spanish, and the Mexican Arruza, young, handsome, and very brave, but not as polished as Manolete. Both Manolete and Arruza fought on foot, after a group of local toreadors had got the bull irritated enough to charge. Manolete was in salmon pink and silver-crusted yellow, with a turquoise tie. Arruza was in bottle green and silver. Manolete brought the house down with the sensational ease of his "veronicas." Arruza brought the house down when he faced the bull, arms outstretched, moving the cape from side to side behind him. The bull charged, first to one side, then to the other, Arruza's body being exposed the entire time. For this the horns were unsheathed. Both fighters substituted a final dart for the Spanish sword, planting it in the traditional part of the neck. When they were through, the women threw flowers and the men threw hats into the ring. The bullfighters kept the flowers and hurled back the hats.

The crowds at the bullfight looked like citizens of a happy country. Portugal has prospered in these war years. There are new buildings everywhere, new roads are in the making, and the trains run on time. If the fishwives have gaunt cheeks, the beauty of their walk under their head baskets piled with fish or fruit may testify to some fundamental inner order. Being poor, they have suffered, and they possess at least a dignity of feature not elsewhere apparent here. Easy living and absence of strong feeling are not becoming to the human being, and there is a price, however imponderable, for remaining at peace. If you hate no one, the chances are that you love no one; and in this case two negatives do not make an affirmative. —MARYA MANNES

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

JUNE 22, 1944

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IT was a cute story you ran in the Talk of the Town about a poor soldier on leave who, having recognized me in Hamburg Heaven, struck up a conversation about my Total Peace Plan. I promised to send my book as a gift, but instead he received a publisher's brochure extolling the book and giving its retail price.

I do remember meeting the good soldier and did promise to send him a gift of my book. But did you ever have anything to do with super-secretaries? I checked up with my secretaries and they inform me that the Culbertson system of office organization is so perfect that it would be mathematically impossible for them to have forgotten to send the promised book. They also said that books usually arrive several days after the covering letter and that it is usual to enclose in the letter some publicity material. Maybe the State Department had something to do with it.

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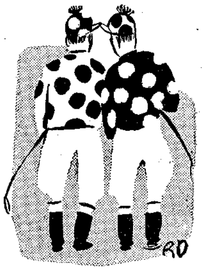
THE RACE TRACK

By Jimminy Again

UNLESS you were an old curmudgeon with a ticket on an also-ran, you probably weren't able to find much that was wrong with the Dwyer Stakes, which By Jimminy won at Aqueduct last weekend. The time for the mile and a quarter wasn't exactly fast, but it was as good as Whirlaway's when he won the race three years ago, and there wasn't a dull fraction of a second from start to finish. By Jimminy led practically all the way, but Lucky Draw battled with him for about six furlongs; then Stir Up surprised nearly everybody by finishing bravely to take second money. I'm afraid, though, that I can't throw any nosegays at the others. Bounding Home, for one, whose victory in the Belmont Stakes still baffles some horseplayers, was down the course, and Stymie, for another, seemed outmatched. I haven't quite figured out what was wrong with Stymie, but Bounding Home's burden of 126 pounds was apparently more than he could carry. Kaytee, the biggest and handsomest animal of the lot, was last. Maybe his fallen arches bothered him.



It would be difficult to disagree with anyone about By Jimminy. The opinion that there isn't a better three-year-old out this season is possibly just as correct as the opinion that few colts have been more fortunate than By Jimminy in the matter of imposts at Aqueduct. As you probably know (and if you don't, it's high time you did), in some stakes races all the runners carry equal weights, and in others the number of pounds is fixed by the amount of money a horse has earned in the past. Sometimes you need an abacus to figure the second kind out. By Jimminy got into the Dwyer with under 114 pounds. Now, because his share of the Dwyer was $39,250, he's moved up into the big money, and higher weights. My guess is that it won't make much difference one way or the other and that he'll keep right on winning.

SOME horses, as is axiomatic, run better over certain tracks than others. What surprised me in the Gazelle Stakes was not that Boojiana finished out of the money, for she never liked getting her feet wet and the going was muddy that afternoon, but that Whirlabout won so easily. Whirlabout had been beaten badly in the Delaware Oaks only the week before. To add to the utter confusion of form, Plucky Maud, who had won the Oaks, finished last in the Gazelle. Think nothing of it. Next time they meet, at Jamaica or Belmont Park, something else will come galloping home in front. Boojiana, you might remember, likes Belmont best.

For your future reference, too, Colonel Martingale, who watches the races from under the hedge at the eighth pole, thinks that First Fiddle will go well in the Brooklyn Handicap this weekend. First Fiddle seemed a bit short of work when Four Freedoms beat him last week, or possibly Arcaro just outrode Longden. One guess is as good as another.

TOM SMITH, who used to train Seabiscuit, is doing all right with Maine Chance Farm's two-year-olds. He won two races last week: one with a little number named Merry Fairy, and one with a filly by War Admiral called War Date. He also saddled War Jeep, who finished second the other afternoon and who, by the way, shouldn't be confused with Jeep, who is already a stakes winner and is resting up for the Saratoga meeting.

Offhand, I'd say there are more young racers with war names this season than there were last, but that's as it should be. Diogenes Checkpoints, who keeps records on such things, reports that there's a Superfortress, a Bee Twenty-nine, and a Flying Fort. Also a GI Joe, a Selectee, a Sea Bee, a Shore Patrol, a Torpedoman, a Tail Gunner, a Foreign Agent (whose mamma is Cypher Code II), a Ration Card, a War Loan, a War Tax, and an Income Tax (whose mamma is Money Market), a Pentagon, a Naval Station, and a Listening Post. As for fillies, there's an Army Nurse, a Flying Nurse, a Pin Up Girl, and a Commando Gal. Out in the West there are a couple of fillies named So Proudly and We Hail. They should run on alternate days.

—AUDAX MINOR

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a book review in the Boston Globe*]

His head is not in the clouds, his hands are tucked in his galluses when he writes.

CARAMELS

THE waist gunner and I sat in the big, worn, Red Cross chairs and looked out on the square of the small Italian town. He had his flight cap down over his forehead, his eyes shut, a big grin on his long face, and the stub of a dead cigar in his mouth. He was a strong, wiry kid of twenty.

"I feel good," he said. "This time next month, I'll be seeing Times Square. Maybe this time next week, if I get a break on a plane ride."

"Don't talk about it," I said.

He opened his eyes. "Fifty missions and not a scratch. Pretty good. Ain't nothing to stop flak coming in that waist window."

We were silent for a few minutes. He lit his cigar stub and puffed on it slowly. We watched the people in the square—the kids begging candy and cigarettes, the monks standing near the church in their long robes—and the carts drawn by little donkeys. He said, "Ten months!"

We watched a fairly good-looking girl cross the square, walking on high-heeled wooden shoes. He said, "Know what? When I first came over here I sort of liked the place. It was all so different, everything so damn old and quiet. But I got over it." He shut his eyes again and puffed on his cigar. "It's the people. I wanted to be friends, but they always made me feel like a stranger here, like an invader."

"That's what we are, isn't it?"

He turned and looked at me. "Nuts. We didn't come in and rob them, beat hell out of them, like the krauts did. Why, when I first came over, everybody was glad to see us. All their bowing and smiling—I was surprised. But now they play us for suckers. A smile for a cigarette, chewing gum, every little favor is their way of begging. What's so hot about cigarettes, the way they go crazy over them? Once a family asked me to supper. When we finished eating, they very politely asked for a hundred lire!"

"They don't have much here," I said. There was no real reason I should have been apologizing for the Italians except that I was jealous of the waist gunner—after all, I'd still be in Italy while he was on his way home—and it did me good to take issue with him. But he had a real grudge and he wouldn't drop it.

"That isn't it, either," he said. "I know they're poor. At camp we give them food and clothes and I can see why they ask for that. What gets me is the way they look on us as sort of rich damn fools. As though we were saps for giving it to them. Like they think we haven't got good sense."

"Well, it's the first time they've ever seen troops—people—with so much equipment and food," I said. "And I guess they never heard of people giving things away. Nobody does that in a poor country."

He said, "Hell with it. I'll be on Times Square soon, Broadway. Listen, what I don't like is the sneaky way they go about it, like they were putting something over on us. Used to be a laundry woman did my wash. She had a little kid, a clean-looking little girl of about seven, all dolled up in a nice red coat. I used to give the kid candy, bars of it. One day the woman didn't come, so I went to her place to get my laundry. The kid was playing in the dirt, dirty as the rest of the kids. When she saw me, she dashed into the house for her Sunday coat, put it on, and then asked for candy. See what I mean? It was all phony."

The cigar had gone out, but he still chewed the last inch of it. "How about their girls?" he went on. "I haven't had a date the whole time I've been here. One reason or another, we can't go out with them. Mostly it's the girls say they can't see us. Hell, all I want is a date—just to even walk with a girl."

"It's an old Italian tradition to watch the girls closely."

He stood up and threw the cigar stub away. "Hell with it. If I get a plane, I'll be seeing girls with clean legs and fresh, alert faces. Come on, let's go buy some oranges. What else can you buy here?"

WE got up and started out into the square. A little girl in a torn dress, her face dirty and her nose running, came up and asked shyly, "Joe, *caramèlla?*"

The waist gunner looked at her and said, "Come back when you're eighteen, babe, and I'll give you caramels." He said it sadly.

We walked on, and then he stopped and looked back. The kid was looking at us, hope still on her face. He reached in his pocket and threw back a piece of hard candy. It went over her head. She laughed and ran after it.

—Pfc Len Zinberg

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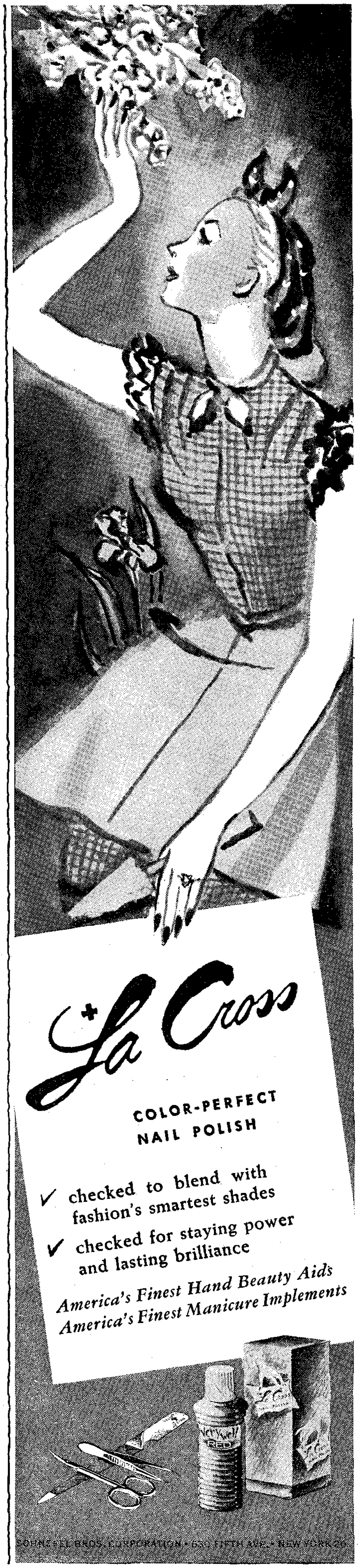
Wanted—Refrigerator, also classical records in good condition, or Bing Crosby.

—*Tacoma News-Tribune.*

That last one's the one to aim at.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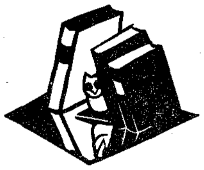
BOOKS

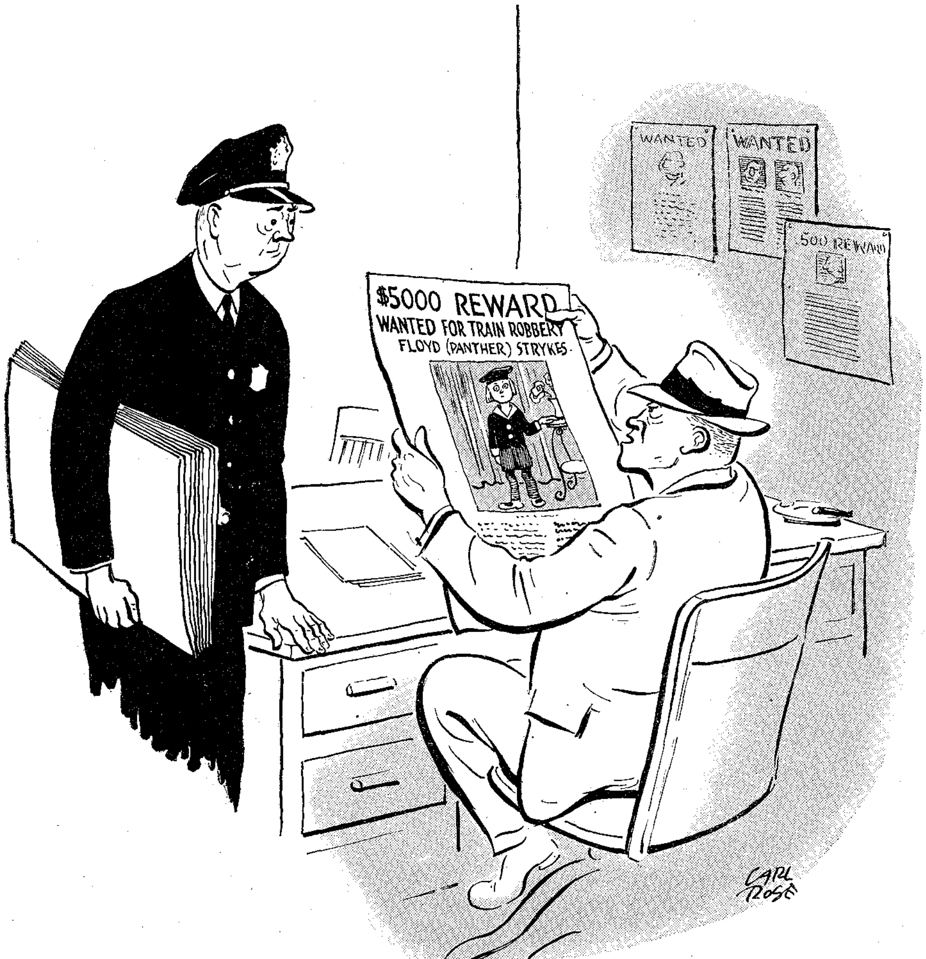
Salvador Dali as a Novelist



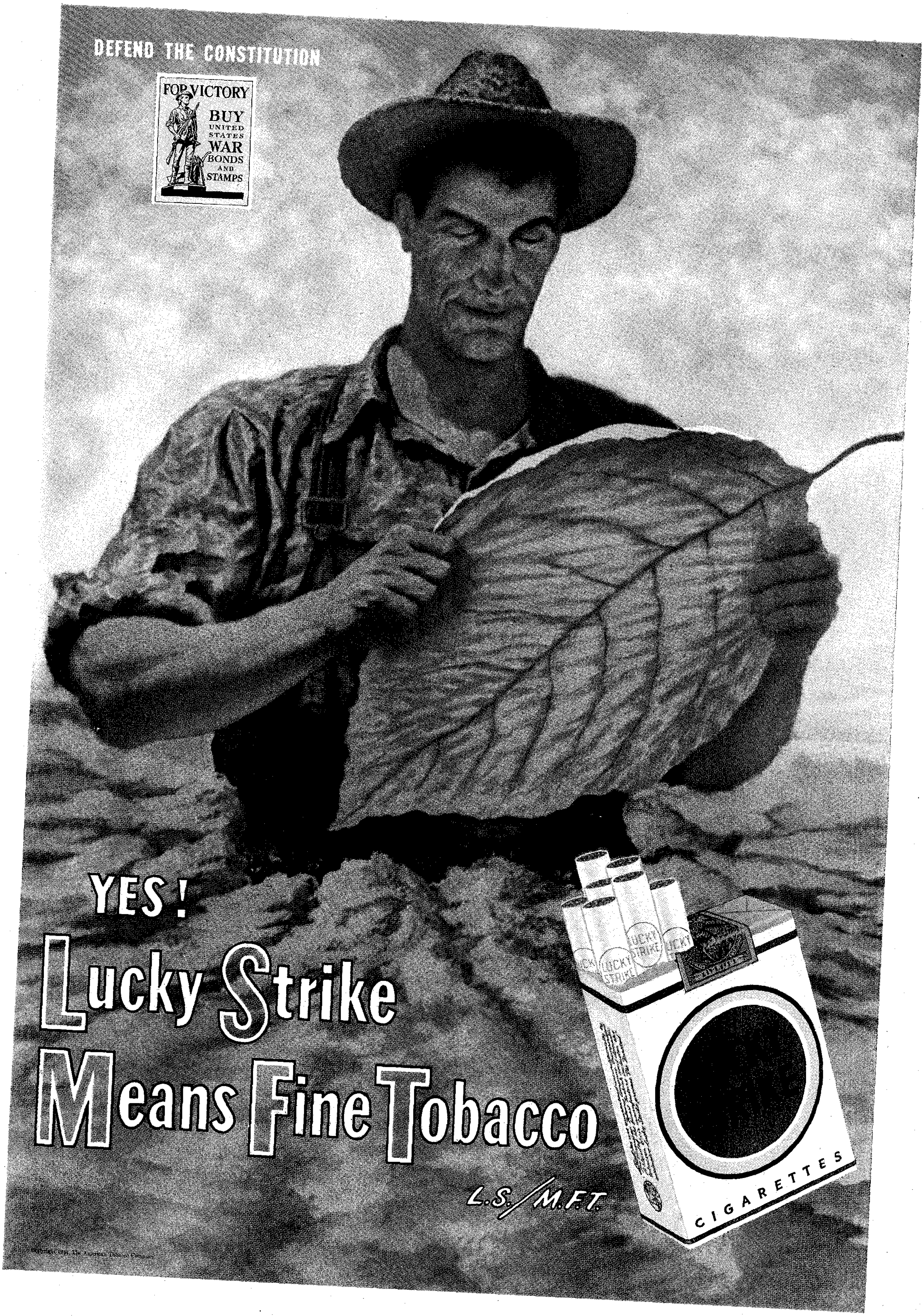
SALVADOR DALI has published a novel, and it is startling, but not at all in the same way as his famous deliquescent pianos and ladies full of bureau drawers. It is one of the most old-fashioned novels that anybody has written in years, for it consists almost exclusively of a potpourri of the properties, the figures, and the attitudes of the later and gamier phases of French romantic writing. The preposterous Lesbian boudoir of Balzac's "Fille aux Yeux d'Or;" the proud and perverse aristocrats of Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Diaboliques," with their grandiose duels of sex; the exalted erotic mysticism of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's "Axel;" the cultivation of artificial sensations of Huysmans' Des Esseintes and the demonological researches of his Durtal—all these have been disinterred by Mr. Dali in "Hidden Faces" (Dial) and put through their old routines to the tune of an improvised style which makes the whole thing seem to verge on parody. The only relatively up-to-date elements are a superficial injection of Freudianism and an overlay of surrealist rhetoric—when, if you follow me, Mr. Dali allows the milliped and Boschesque crustaceans of his hermetic imagination to caress the tentacular algae of his subaqueous and electrified impudicity or the nacreous and colubrine doves of a psychosomatic idealism to circle in shimmering syndromes the façades of a palladian narcissism. But this modernism is more than offset by the uncontrollable tendency of his characters to write one another long letters that sound like a burlesque of "Werther" or "La Nouvelle Héloïse": "Dear Hervé—my beloved—is it a dream to be able to call you thus? Know, my beloved, that of your letter I have retained only your first words of love, which will remain engraved in my heart till after I am dead. Even when the worms shall have gnawed this heart away they will have to perish and be consumed in turn at the bottom of my coffin, curled up in the form of the letters of the inscription they have devoured, so true it is that this inscription must be and shall be the last reality that can be effaced from my existence!"

In an atmosphere of ringing aristocratic names, men and women of resplendent beauty, and balls and banquets of incredible luxury, which will take the English-speaking reader back to Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, and Ouida, it is a surprise to hear suddenly about Hitler, the Communists, or the Maginot Line. But the war does descend on Mr. Dali's world (though the truth is that, for all the grasp that Mr. Dali displays of his time, it might almost as well be the Crimean War or the fall of the Second Empire). And what do they all do then—these iridescent Comtes de Grandsailles and Vicomtes d'Angerville and Princes d'Orminy and Solanges de Cléda, with their Byzantine bouquets made of jewels, their elegant and daring toilettes, their opium smoking, and their cold, depraved passions? Why, their versatile creator drops at once the preciosity in which he has been clothing them, and makes them behave almost exactly like so many characters by Louis Bromfield—with whom, I fear, Salvador Dali has something fundamentally in common. When they realize the plight of France, they gallantly pull themselves together and begin performing prodigies of heroism—proving, by their readiness to sacrifice themselves, the stuff of which the French nobility, even in its decadence, is made. The truth is, in fact, that the point of view of the Catalonian Dali is, to all intents and purposes, that of some trashy old French royalist snob such as Barbey d'Aurevilly, who, as I say, seems to haunt "Hidden Faces." It is touching to find Mr. Haakon M. Chevalier, who has translated Dali's novel, attempting to reassure us in a foreword by implying that the author has been favorably impressed by the Russian Revolution and pointing out his sympathy with the peasant. Mr. Dali's attitude toward the peasant is that of a romantic *grand seigneur*, or, rather, of one who has read a good deal about the attitudes of *grands seigneurs*, and his attitude toward Communists and Anarchists and all that they try to do is one of perkily mustachioed disdain.

ONE element appears in his novel which had not entered the cosmos of Barbey: the rôle of the United States



"My God, Johnson! Couldn't you have got a more recent picture?"



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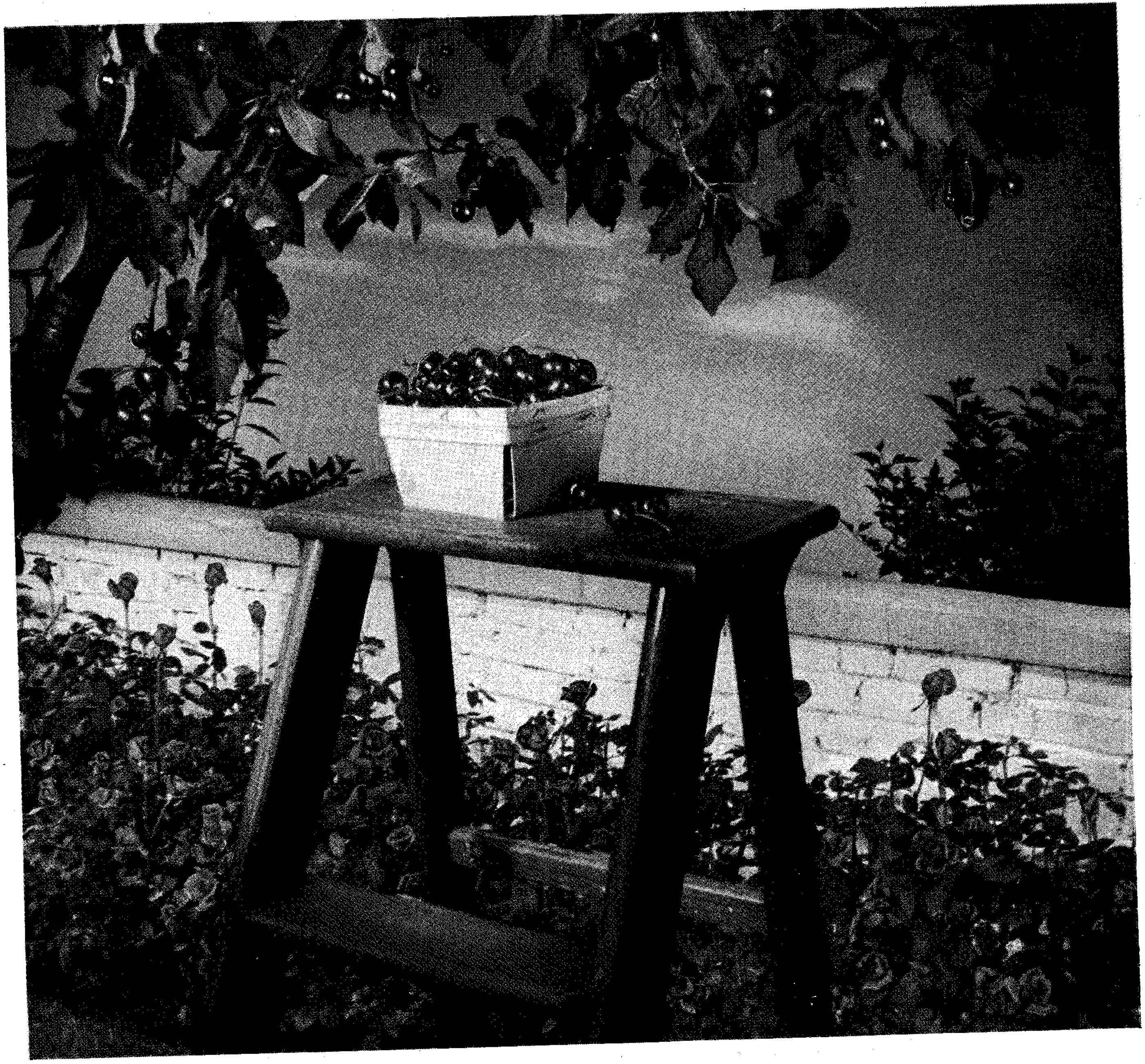

Somehow the talk got around to Manhattans

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And the rose bed was handy.

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So — well, what would *you* have done?

Just what *they* did, we imagine.

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If your dealer should happen to be out of Four Roses when you ask for it, please be patient and try again. He'll have more — soon.

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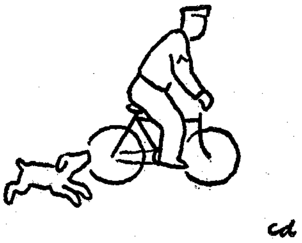

as a power to be reckoned with in Europe. But this power is represented for Dali by a *richissime* American girl distinguished by the selfishness, arrogance, frigidity, and long-limbed blond beauty which had already become the standard attributes for such characters in French fiction, and a dashing and indomitable young aviator bearing the fine Virginian name of John Randolph, who repudiates the "revolutionary illusions" that had led him to aid the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War, and declares, "I, too, believe once more in the ineradicable forces of tradition and aristocracy." When he and the Comte de Grandsailles (great noble and upholder of the feudal ideal) come to confront one another through their oxygen masks, just before taking off on a perilous flight, "their eyes appeared alike, equally pure, and in neither case could one tell whether it was exaltation or coldness that gave them their greater lustre. With a single impulse the two men removed their gloves, and their hands clasped for a moment, like those of wrestlers." Yet the moment will later arrive when they must come to blows in America over the *richissime* Veronica, and here there is something flattering for the land in which Mr. Dali is sojourning, if not something for its great moving-picture industry: " 'A curious country, America, don't you think, Randolph?' said the Count of Grandsailles, making a face after biting into a piece of pear impaled on his fork, and putting down his implement on the edge of the plate. 'Its fruit has no flavor, its women have no shame, and its men are without honor!' . . . 'The fruit of our country,' said Randolph, measuring each syllable, 'have the flavor of liberty and hospitality, which you have basely taken advantage of to feed yourself and your secrets; our women are those whom you try unsuccessfully to corrupt, to pervert, and make sterile, and our men are those who have the honor of sacrificing their lives in that Europe of yours to redeem the honor which you weren't men enough to defend and shamefully lost to the enemy.' "

Yet, in spite of this concession to current events, it is always the Comte de Grandsailles, with his eccentric and faultless taste and his satanic and devious temperament, who seduces his creator, Dali. The war, from the author's point of view, is being fought to save the honor of old France—betrayed by ignoble politicians—against the upstart and ill-bred Nazis.

ALL this is not, of course, to say that the painter of the "Debris of an Automobile Giving Birth to a Blind Horse Biting a Telephone" is not a very clever fellow, or that his novel may not afford entertainment. I have been quoting from the later part, which is more or less unadorned balderdash; but the earlier chapters, which the author has been at more pains to embroider and dramatize, have passages, images, ideas that lend them at moments an illusion of brilliance. There is the theory, not entirely implausible, put forward by one of the characters about Hitler, that he is really an heroic masochist, whose true hope and goal is defeat, though he has pledged himself to play the game according to all the rules and do everything he can to win before he achieves the self-fulfillment of being annihilated. There is the satire on prewar French culture implicit in the relation between the Comte de Grandsailles and his factotum, the local notary. The notary is rude and provincial but has a gift of pungent wit; the Count, who lacks originality, is always stopping the conversation to write down the other's good things, and he then sorts them into various categories, polishes and formularizes them, and passes for a brilliant talker in Paris. And there is also a long, gruesome account of an opium and heroin jag which has something of the same kind of fascination as Charles Jackson's "The Lost Weekend" (it may be that the epic of drugging is a genre which has arrived in our era).

But, on the evidence of "Hidden Faces," I should say that Mr. Dali was no writer. I cannot believe that the translator has betrayed him. Mr. Haakon M. Chevalier certainly knows French perfectly, and when he is writing on his own, he can command a very good English prose. He complains in his foreword here of the redundancies and mixed metaphors of Dali, and explains that he has done what he could to trim his language and straighten out his style. I think he might still have saved the reader from a certain amount of stumbling by the exercise of a little more care about not carrying over French tenses; from such sentences as "His face . . . gave witness that the emotions of his heart with their weakness had no right to cloud the clean limpidness of

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Plutarch has recorded Caesar's fateful decision to cross the Rubicon on his historic march to Rome: "The die is cast", he said...and gambled all on a blitzkrieg. Caesar won—Hitler didn't!

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his diction" (where the more correct word "limpidity" would have saved him at least from one of the endings in "ness"); and from the bad or unidiomatic English of "she saw a figure approaching her . . . without scarcely noticing it" and "Cécile and I will arrive only in the last moment." He might even, one might think, have told Dali that "*nemo*" does not mean "nothing," and that the man who made the clock with glass works was not "Oudin" but Robert-Houdin. Yet I definitely get the impression that Mr. Chevalier has been somewhat demoralized by his original's Hispanic French and orgies of loose-squandered verbiage and that he has here not been quite himself.

On Dali's side, one finds in this novel none of the qualities that are good in his pictures, which are certainly not deficient in craftsmanship: there is no clarity, no sharp-focussed vividness, no delicacy or firmness of line. We are far from the beneficent influences that have presided over his development as a painter: Picasso and Chirico, Velásquez and Vermeer. Dali's literary models have been bad ones, and, from the moment that he abandoned his real métier, they have swept him into a retrogression that affords one of the most curious examples of the contemporary stoppage and lapse of the arts in collision with the political crisis. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE REBELLION OF LEO MCGUIRE, by Clyde Brion Davis (Farrar & Rinehart). As a novelist, Mr. Davis gets better and better. This time he has ripped off a fresh, diverting story about a fundamentally honest burglar with a taste for philosophy. Leo McGuire starts life as a slum kid in Buffalo, gets into a state reformatory by a bit of bad luck, comes out an enemy of capitalist society, with a belief in direct action, and finally, partly through the influence of a number of highly enlightened convicts whom he meets during various enforced periods of retirement from his profession, thinks his way to a more conventional attitude toward life and even toward bank presidents. It's hard to say whether the picture of what goes on inside penitentiaries (where Leo spends half his life) is authentic, but it sounds plausible, if a bit more educational than one might imagine.

THE FIRING SQUAD, by F. C. Weiskopf, translated from the German by James A. Galston (Knopf). The story of a half-dozen German soldiers detailed as a firing squad in Prague at the time of the Heydrich assassination. Although you will learn nothing new about how such a squad operates (it's the same report on mass murder with which we are already tragically familiar), the author's realistic portraits of the soldiers and their friends and relations, of whom some are brutal, some mean, and some merely unpleasant, may increase your understanding of what started out to be the wave of the future. An unpleasant story, clearly and firmly written.

A MAN'S REACH, by Charles Morrow Wilson (Holt). A novel based on the life of one Archibald Yell, who, it seems, had a Horatio Alger career in the early part of the last century. Mr. Wilson is comfortably at home in the period of which he writes, and he makes the story of a poor Tennessee boy, who later becomes one of Andrew Jackson's unpaid and usually unfed soldiers, both instructive and sympathetic. When, however, the hero achieves security through a political career and marriage to a niece of Jackson's wife, the narrative crumples up and becomes uninteresting and not very credible.

RUNYON À LA CARTE, by Damon Runyon (Lippincott). The ingredients and flavor of these twelve stories provide fare which does not differ greatly from the diet on which Runyon enthusiasts have been thriving happily for years. If any conclusion can be drawn from a comparison of the earlier stories with these latest variations on Mr. Runyon's familiar theme—which may be briefly characterized, for the uninitiated, as a brashly contrived plot of fragile construction, supported almost exclusively by a deft, free rendering of Broadwayese—it is that the race-track folk, crap shooters, and card artists who crowd the Runyon pages seem less at ease in 1944 than they did in the general unreality of the Prohibition era. Three of the stories in the present collection draw on the theatres of war for background, but followers of the master will be reassured to know that a Runyon foxhole is almost indistinguishable from Mindy's restaurant on Broadway. In fact, its occupant is more than likely to be a Mindy habitué whom the reader will recognize from a previous Runyon collection.

A WALK IN THE SUN, by Harry Brown (Knopf). If a better piece of fiction than this comes out of the present war, it will have to be pretty darn good. In this first novel, Mr. Brown, whom you probably know as a poet, tells the brief story of a platoon of American soldiers on a beachhead in Italy. Landing just before dawn, the outfit loses first the lieutenant in command and then the staff sergeant who succeeds him. Before the soldiers are halfway to their objective—a farmhouse that is being used as an enemy machine-gun emplacement—another sergeant who has taken over cracks under the strain and the platoon is snapped out of near panic and led by a resourceful corporal to the accomplishment of its mission. Mr. Brown takes this situation, drains off from it all the sentimentality and conventional heroics, and hands you a book that is a book—natural, deeply moving, funny, and soundly American.

GENERAL

THE HOUSE OF MACMILLAN (1843-1943), by Charles Morgan (Macmillan). The Macmillans were hard-headed Scotsmen who, beginning as booksellers in London, built up a large publishing business. The earlier members of the family had some interest in religion and the later ones some pretensions to scholarship, but none of them, it would appear, any very great feeling for literature. They developed an enormous trade in educational and scientific books while rejecting the early works of Hardy, Shaw, Henry James, Barrie, Bennett, Yeats. When these writers had been introduced by someone else and proved to have commercial possibilities, the Macmillans sometimes took them over, but they seem never to have run any risks. Some of their letters and readers' reports are masterpieces of publishers' stupidity. Here is an opinion on Yeats, written in 1900: "I should be sorry to think that work so unreal, unhuman and insincere would be found to have any permanent value, nor do I believe that it will be found to have it, any more than Maeterlinck's will be or Ibsen's. . . . That he [Yeats] has any real paying audience I find it hard to believe." The humdrum and dreary record is at times made absolutely grisly by Mr. Morgan's rather sycophantic efforts to present these episodes in such a way as to redound to the Macmillans' credit.

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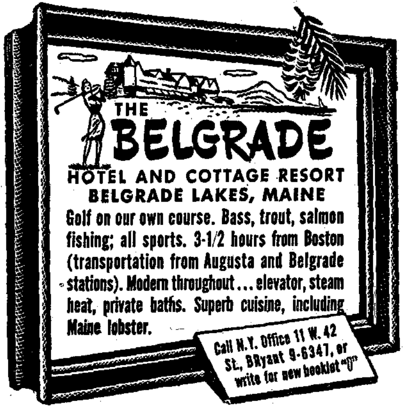

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dier). The father of the present Lord Halifax amused himself by collecting the ghost stories told him by people he knew, and even in some cases took the trouble to obtain first-hand documents from witnesses of happenings supposed to be supernatural. The book, a first American edition, has a certain interest as a record of a cross section of the ghostly experience of the great houses and families of England. Lord Halifax does not seem to have examined this testimony in a spirit of scientific inquiry, and it is all the more striking that these narratives should present certain recurring types that seem susceptible of natural explanations: there are poltergeist phenomena of the kind that are known to have been often produced by some mischievous member of a household; nightmares of the peculiar species in which one imagines oneself wide awake yet visited by some presence of horror; and illusions similar to those of what are called hypnagogic states, in which images once seen and forgotten float back into a fatigued mind. This last explanation is plausibly suggested in a note by Sir George Sitwell to account for an experience of his wife's: an apparition that, in broad daylight and in a room full of people, seemed irrelevantly to glide before her.

Germany: The Last Phase, by Gunnar Pihl (Knopf). Mr. Pihl, a Swedish newspaperman who managed to remain in Germany until the late summer of 1943, tries to turn the same trick William Shirer and Howard K. Smith did in, respectively, "Berlin Diary" and "Last Train From Berlin." He doesn't come anywhere near doing so, however, largely because he hasn't the faintest notion of how to write. While the book contains a certain amount of new information, as was more or less inevitable, most of it is given over to such observations as "War is in the highest degree a matter of feeling," and "The Germans do not hate their enemies. It would be too much to say they love them, but they cannot escape their own sense of integrity, which is fundamentally quite likable." There may be those interested enough in Germany to want to have a try at unravelling Mr. Pihl's semantic and philosophical confusion, but even they should remember that hot weather has arrived.

Primer of the Coming World, by Leopold Schwarzschild (Knopf). Another forecast, much less pretentious than most, of the probable shape of the postwar world. The author, who isn't at all the blueprinter his title suggests, begins with a premise so simple that it sounds downright audacious—that nations are composed of human beings and that the average man of the future is most likely going to be the same old Adam he has been in the past—and then goes on to build up a reasonably cogent argument which holds, in general, that those who expect pie in the postwar sky are apt not to find it there. During the course of his discussion, Mr. Schwarzschild gets around to making some specific assertions—that only England, Russia, China, and the United States can ensure world peace; that any international organization must be backed by force; and that Germany, as the most recalcitrant member of the family of nations, has to be coerced into good behavior by being demilitarized for at least fifty years. Finally, in his concluding section, he writes as lucid an analysis of the dangers of the completely collectivized state as has recently found its way into print.

Army of Shadows, by Joseph Kessel (Knopf). A restrained, simple, almost muffled account of the French underground and its activities. M. Kessel, one of whose novels has been awarded the French Academy's *Grand Prix du Roman*, was himself a member of the underground for three years and this volume, which more closely resembles a notebook than anything else, is one of the very few descriptions of the underground movement in France that is based on actual experience. The author, like a good writer, avoids sensationalism and, like a good Frenchman, shies away from rhetorical display. He manages, however, to build up an atmosphere of extreme suspense and, by confining his observations to what happened in the dark, hidden places of the underground, gives his book some of the same packed, intense, claustrophobic quality that marked E. E. Cummings' "The Enormous Room." He also tells one story, about a woman named Mathilde who is torn between her love for France and her love for her daughter, that has all the psychological accuracy of expert fiction, and his portrait of an underground worker called Bison might well have come out of Balzac or Zola. No better book than this about France during the Nazi occupation is likely to be written in a long time, and Mr. Haakon M. Chevalier, once more the translator, has lived up to his responsibility by turning out one of his very best jobs.

Gallic Charter, by J. C. Fernand-Laurent (Little, Brown). A somewhat sketchy blow-by-blow description of the political intrigue and infighting which, as even the most isolated Eskimo should have heard by now, was responsible in part for the fall of France. M. Fernand-Laurent, who was a member both of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Paris Municipal Council, draws up the usual indictment, compiles the usual list of traitors, including the collaborationist ones, and, except in a few brief and scattered places, says and reports practically nothing that is new.

The Heart of New Hampshire, by Cornelius Weygandt (Putnam). A book of essays about various phases of life in New Hampshire by a writer who, with four books about that state under his belt, seems well on his way to becoming its prose laureate. Mr. Weygandt probably deserves the distinction, since he writes with a sympathy that almost amounts to reverence, but his prose now and then has a way of suggesting a badly mixed concoction made up of one part Thoreau, one part E. B. White, and one part county archivist, with a dash of Robert Frost. Illustrated.

Psychoanalysis Today, edited by Sándor Lorand (International University Press). A collection of essays in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Freud's first studies on hysteria, with contributions by Jelliffe, Ferenczi, Brill, Kardiner, Wittels, and other distinguished authorities. The articles are arranged in a sequence which composes an ordered exposition of the present state of Freudian thought, and an attempt has been made to keep clear of the difficulties of technical language or to explain unfamiliar terms as the author goes along—with the result that the volume makes an excellent guide for the ordinary lay reader.

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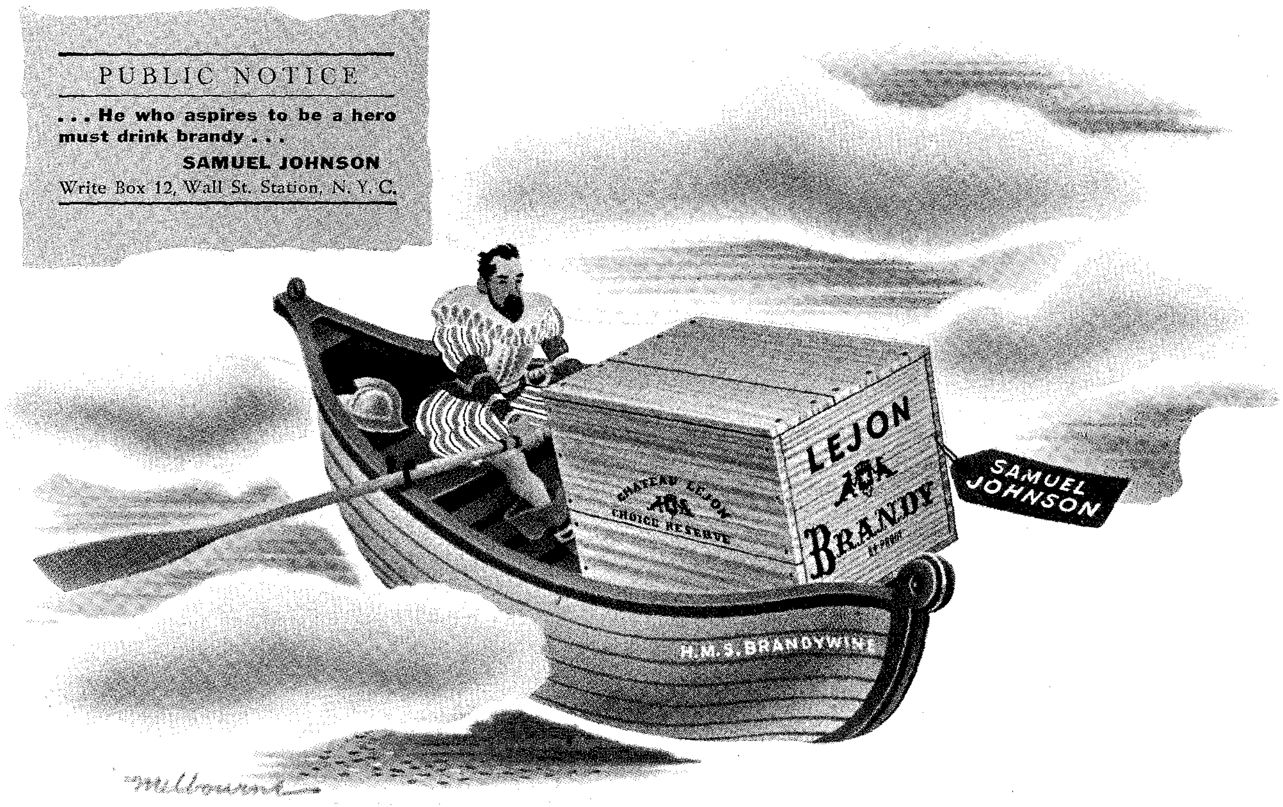

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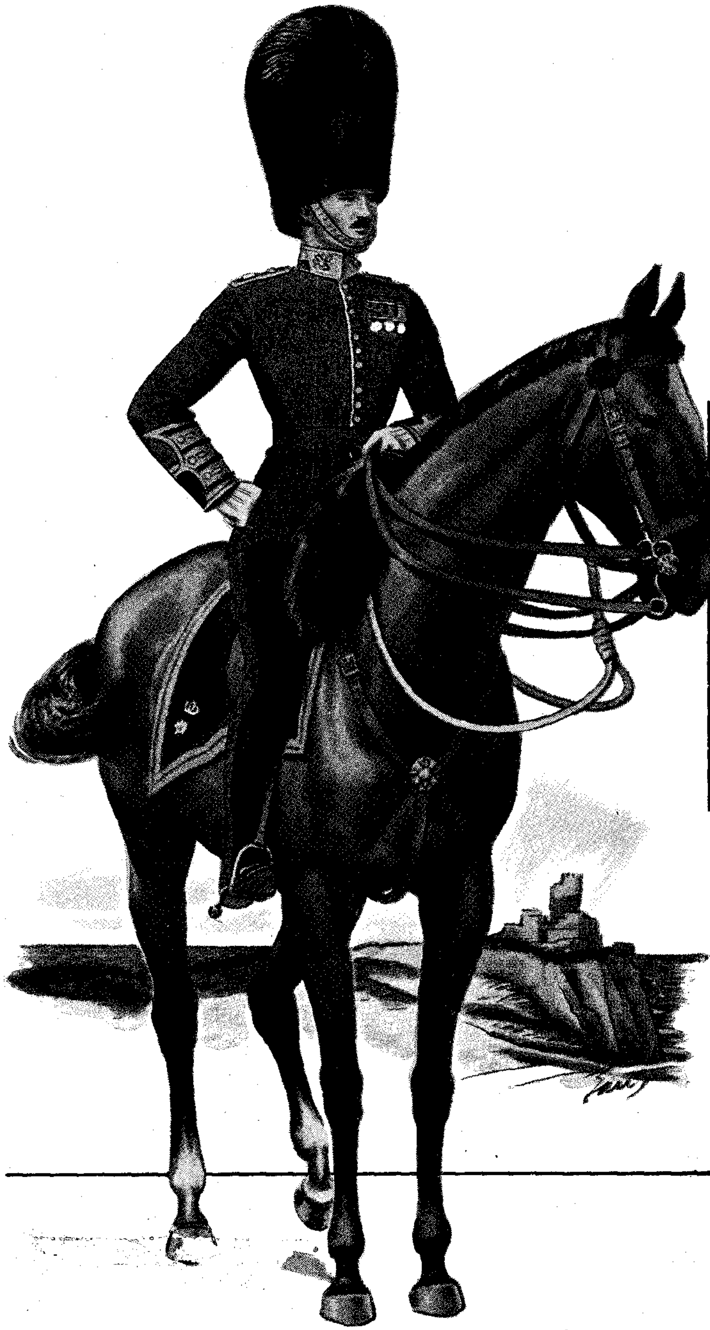

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